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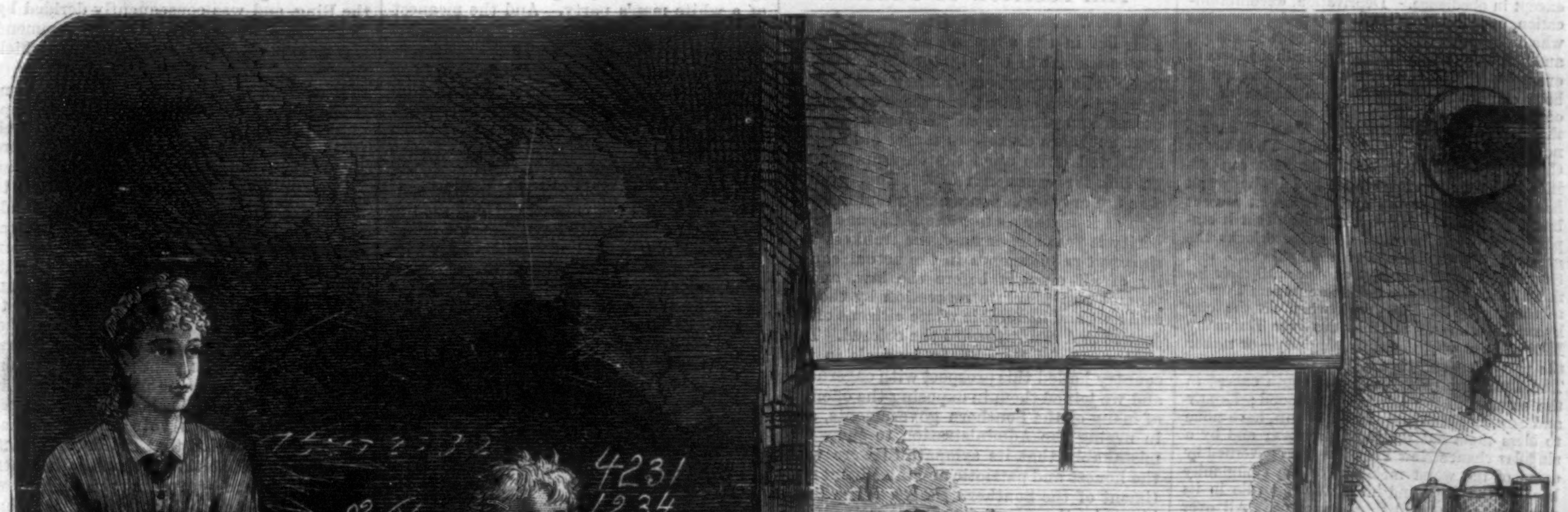
THE OPENING OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The autumn days, when our American skies are brightest, and the gold and purple tints of the woods are things unknown to European climes, bring with them, too, the gathering of the host of children in the public schools; and through all the varied landscape, from ocean to ocean, in city and hamlet, in the fair valleys of New England, the rich fields of the Middle States, through all those prosperous communities that have sprung up by the lakes and rivers of the Northwest, across the Mississippi, where the savages have scarcely been driven from Kansas and Nebraska, and all along the American shore of the Pacific, a common system of education has spread its beneficent links, and chained the whole land together. The whole immense machinery, the most powerful and the most effective agent of advancing civilization, at brown Autumn's signal begins to move. It will soon be in rapid action. The children are gathering; accomplished men and women begin their useful labors; the same principles of good order and neatness, of human equality and of republican freedom, the elements of morals and of an unsectarian faith, are taught from sea to sea. None of our institutions seem to have won a more lasting popularity. State after State, as it springs up in the wilderness, plants at once its common schools. The schools of the far West and of the Pacific coast are often not surpassed in excellence by those of Boston or New York. Even the Southern States, touched by a new impulse of progress, are beginning a course of general education, and every patriot looks forward with hope to the day when no citizen of the Union of sound mind shall be suffered to grow up to manhood uninfluenced by the refinement and purity inculcated in the common school.

But to the completion of this fair prospect there are still not unimportant obstacles. The enemies of the common-school system are numerous, bitter, and active, and they are found in every part of the Union. Those who most need a free and American education are often its most violent opponents; those to whom knowledge would teach good order and peace are the least willing to receive it. The Southern States have the most need of popular education. They are perishing for want of common intelligence and humanity. Yet nowhere has the attempt to introduce common schools been productive of so fatal a hostility. The more violent members of the Southern Democracy have joined themselves together in a secret association pledged to destroy the public schools and to inflict fearful outrages upon the teachers. Under the Republican governments the common-school system was introduced into Georgia, Alabama, and Texas. Since the Democrats have won the control of those States by deeds of violence and fraud, the school laws have either been neglected or repealed, and even the great majority of the white population are condemned to perpetual ignorance.

Against the colored schools and teachers the rage of the Southern Democracy has risen to the height of a real insanity. No man's life seems safe who teaches a colored school in nearly all



A VILLAGE PUBLIC SCHOOL—THE YOUNG ORATOR.

the Southern States. In Texas recently (June 22) Mr. C. W. Washburn, who ventured to teach the colored children of Guadalupe County, under the auspices of the American Missionary Association, was dragged from his bed at night, carried into the woods, whipped with a hundred lashes, and ordered to leave the country. He was an accomplished teacher, in delicate health. His persecutors told him that they would kill or drive away every white man who sought to teach the negroes; that this was a white man's country, and no negro should be taught. The same night they went to the house of Mr. John H. Gesner, who taught a colored Sunday-school, dragged his father, mother, and sister out-of-doors with savage outrages—the family were from Chicago—and had nearly fastened a rope around Mr. Gesner's neck when the screams of the ladies called in assistance. The Democrats fled, and the colored people protected the family from further dangers. In Kentucky and Tennessee even worse deeds have been done. The favorite victims seem here to be the cultivated colored teachers of both sexes from Fisk University and other colleges. One accomplished young colored lady who ventured to take a position as teacher in West Tennessee was shot down in the house where she lodged. She had been only three days engaged in her dangerous vocation. It may be hoped that some punishment of signal severity will be inflicted by the nation upon the perpetrators of these horrible deeds in the Southern States. That section is already suffering all the evils that fall naturally upon those communities that prefer ignorance and persecute their teachers.

In the Northern States the only dangerous enemies of the common-school system are the Roman Catholic priests. Nor are they altogether inexcusable. They are usually foreigners, unacquainted with the principles of American freedom and progress. They are the servants of a foreign master, who has commanded them to destroy the common schools. They have no safety except in obedience. Deprivation, excommunication, and ruin hang over every prelate or priest who hesitates to obey the decrees of the Vatican, and hence the Roman Catholic priesthood form in every part of the Union a powerful and united body chiefly laboring for the destruction of the common schools. They will have no education that is not sectarian, and no schools "that are not controlled by priest or nun." The Roman Catholic Church has entered into American politics with the same ingratitude and duplicity that has marked it in every age. It has at present but a single aim, and to accomplish that it employs the basest instruments and overlooks the grossest immoralities. It used Tweed and Sweeny, Genet and Ingersoll, until their infamy became known. Its adherents sent Tweed to the Senate of New York when all the city knew his crimes. It still rules over Tammany Hall and the whole Democratic party—or rather the party that still claims that venerable name. The Tammany party has no strength except in the support of the Romish priesthood; Kelly and Schell, Morrissey and Wood, have none to bless them but the papal prelates; and by a singular chance New York has been governed by some of the worst members of the community because the Pope and his emissaries rule in its elections and placed them in office. All over the country the priests are never weary of denouncing the American system of education, and, in fact, all that is especially American in our politics and manners. In Boston and in Oregon the same contest goes on. There is an open conflict every where between European barbarism and American purity and progress, and, to the shame of a large class of American politicians, there are none who are so ready to abandon their native principles as the Democratic leaders, who rely for their office and power upon the Romish influence. It is probable that the people will punish these renegades with a complete overthrow; nor can any party hope to flourish long that ventures upon an alliance with the enemies of the common schools. The mighty system has fixed its firm roots from the Atlantic to the Pacific; its host of pupils grows day by day; the army of Xerxes was not so numerous, nor has any country possessed so patriotic and so united a band of citizens. But the priests are active, the Democratic leaders subject to their power, and nothing but a union of all the friends of education can baffle the hopes of the Vatican. If its adherents do not unite and labor, strong as it seems, the common-school system may receive irreparable injury.

Something of this has already happened in New York. Through a long period of Roman Catholic rule the schools have been declining. Powerful Roman Catholic seminaries were established at the cost of the city. The Board of Education appointed by Tweed engaged in a secret or open effort to lower the efficiency of the common schools. The present board has proved itself but little more trustworthy than its predecessor. Its president and its clerk control its action. The Roman Catholic influence governs it. Tammany Hall rules over its officials. Already it has projected or passed a series of measures destined to affect fatally the dignity and purity of the whole system. It is laboring to abolish the higher night school, from which hundreds of young men have for nine years past gained profit and instruction. Its officials have no sympathy with the principle of equal education. It would destroy the self-respect of the teachers, and has filled with discontent the great body of its most valuable instructors. It is against the secret intrigues of the papal faction that the friends of education in New York have now to guard themselves, and nothing but the utter overthrow of Tammany Hall, with all its foreign supporters, can save from gradual destruction the common schools of the metropolis.

Eugene Lawrence.

Harper's Magazine, Weekly, and Bazar.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, September 19, 1874.

☞ About the first of October a new and powerful Novel by Wilkie Collins, splendidly illustrated, will be commenced in Harper's Weekly, to be continued for about six months, entitled

"THE LAW AND THE LADY."

☞ *With this Number of* Harper's Weekly *is sent out gratuitously an*

ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT,

containing a beautiful double-page engraving, entitled "The Lion Hunt," the conclusion of "The Treasure Hunters," *with other literary and pictorial attractions.*

An illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

THE POSITION OF PARTIES.

A FEW months since the prospect for relief in the situation of the Southern States seemed to be brighter than ever before. The corruption of many of the governments was evident, and there was an apparent disposition upon the part of intelligent Southern citizens to forget old dissensions, and unite upon the only practicable ground for common relief. This ground was the only one upon which a real restoration of those States to tranquillity and prosperity is possible, namely, the frankest and sincerest acquiescence in the actual equality of all citizens before the law, and a prompt and absolute repression by the intelligent and honorable white citizens of injustice and insult toward the colored. The most powerful Republican journals in the country hailed this prospect with eagerness, and we joined them in exposing the offenses of many of the Southern governments, and in urging the Administration to show unmistakably that its sympathies were with the honest and patriotic and intelligent sentiment of the Southern States. The President, in the case of the delegation from South Carolina, seemed to us not to understand that although the "tax-payers" were playing a party game, there was yet reason in what they said; but he showed in his responses to Texas and his action in Arkansas, and subsequently in Mississippi, that he would not allow himself or the Administration to be used as a mere counter in the game of Southern politics. There seemed, indeed, a chance that the good sense and intelligence of the troubled States were about to control their affairs.

Unfortunately it is now coming to be seen that it was but a momentary gleam of hope. Simultaneously with this reasonable disposition at the South among the dominant party there were Democratic successes. The Democratic party carried New Hampshire and Connecticut, and in the latter State elected a United States Senator of antediluvian opinions, who instantly proposed a policy for his party hostile to the whole spirit of the renewed Union. These facts, the honest condemnation of wrongs and abuses in their own party administration and in the Southern States, together with the result of the elections, seemed to prove to a powerful white element in the South that a positive reaction had begun in the North. The Mobile *Register*, the most characteristic and representative journal of this element, says that

> "The white people of the North have awakened from their nightmare. The negro is no longer the fashion. ....The North have come to their senses. The negro has disgraced and ruined the party which pushed him forward, and the oscillating pendulum of public opinion is now swinging over to the side of the Southern white man. Fred [Douglass] might as well give it up. The North have found that they could not make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, and have cast Sambo overboard."

Believing that the Democratic party is about returning to power, and that the new Democratic Senator from Connecticut represents the spirit and purpose of the approaching restoration, those for whom the *Register* speaks, both in the Northern and Southern States, already show what the result of such a restoration would be. In Alabama and Louisiana the Democratic party openly declares itself a white man's party, and a White Man's League has been formed, the methods and purposes of which are plainly stated in Louisiana Democratic journals. One of them says, speaking to the colored citizens:

> "On the other hand, should you imagine that the teaching of your former rulers is correct, and you elect to attempt—for it will only be an attempt—to continue their rule, then you must take the consequences. For we tell you now, and let it be distinctly remembered that you have fair warning, that we intend to carry the State of Louisiana in November next, or she will be a military territory."

Another says:

> "There has been some red-handed work done in this parish that was necessary, but it was evidently done by cool, determined, and just men, who knew just how far to go; and we doubt not if the same kind of work is necessary it will be done.
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> "We say again that we fully, cordially approve what the white men of Grant and Rapides did at Colfax: the white man who does not is a creature so base that he shames the worst class of his species. We say again we are going to carry the elections in this State next fall."

Another says:

> "The people have determined that the Kellogg government has to be gotten rid of, and they will not scruple about the means as they have done in the past."

These are but illustrations of the tone of the white man's party, and its teachings are closely followed. Attacks upon the negroes are every where reported, and wherever they are a minority the old system of terror is revived. Privately as well as publicly we are apprised of the unhappy situation. Meanwhile the Democratic Conventions in the Northern States, true to their ancient hatred of equal rights, and to the time when their platforms were the bulwarks of human slavery, vehemently denounce and misrepresent the Civil Rights Bill, and so sustain the spirit from which springs the fatal project of a white man's party. And the meanest and most contemptible servility to this spirit is shown in the Northern Democratic representations of the collisions between the white and colored people as the result of Republican plots to incite negro riots. Such representations are naturally made by those who described the massacre in New Orleans in 1865 as negro and radical riots.

For this lamentable and threatening condition of affairs the colored citizens are not responsible. Not only have they not raised the standard of race, but in Alabama, where the Democrats have declared for white ascendency, the Republicans, among whom are the mass of the colored citizens, have distinctly disclaimed any desire or purpose except equal advantages. They do not ask for "mixed" rights nor special privileges enforced by law. They stand upon the simple, conservative ground of justice and fair play, where every honorable American stands with them. Had the former white leaders in the Southern States taken this obvious and necessary position at the end of the war, they would have done what was most desirable; they would have divided the new vote, and so have avoided the race issue. But they could not see it. Dr. Winkler, of Georgia, has recently published an article to show that the negro is naturally incapable of civilization, and hopelessly idle and depraved. The conclusion of his logic is inevitable—the colored citizen must be removed, or deprived of political and civil rights. The doctor undertakes to supply the philosophy and statistics for the "white man's party" conventions and platforms, as *De Bow's Review* used to supply them for the old slave Democracy; and he states what is undoubtedly the real conviction of the Democratic party to-day.

Surely this simple statement of familiar facts in the political situation should explain the cohesion of the old parties. We constantly hear that they cumber the earth, and we constantly see that they remain. On all sides we are told that there is no reason for them, that they are "disintegrated" and crumbling and relaxed, yet every effort to form a new party fails as lamentably as the Cincinnati movement of 1872. In the autumn of 1871 a distinguished "Liberal" Senator laughed at the suggestion that the Democratic party was not extinct. But in the autumn of 1874 every vote that is cast will be for Democratic or Republican ascendency in the government. Does it never occur to those who loudly call upon good men to come out of the old parties that the fact of their continued and vigorous organization, and the impossibility of forming a new one, shows that the reason of the parties still exists? We are still Republicans and Democrats because the question upon which those parties were gathered into form is still unsettled, because the conscience and intelligence of the country are not satisfied to intrust the government to those who cherish a sincere and bitter hostility to the actual equality before the law of all citizens of the United States. This is a fundamental issue, and therefore each party may hold the most inconsistent financial opinions and commercial views, and yet cohere. The Maine Democrats may denounce paper money as a curse, and the Indiana and Tennessee Democrats may worship it as an amulet of financial safety. The Vermont Republicans may be financially sound, and the Michigan brethren unsound. But the Republican and Democratic parties remain, notwithstanding, because the Maine and Indiana Democrats unite with those of Louisiana in a policy of radical injustice, while the Republicans of Vermont and Michigan join those of Alabama in demanding, in the words of the latter, "equal advantages in matters of public and common right."

MR. TILDEN.

It seems to be understood that Mr. Samuel J. Tilden will be nominated by the Democrats as Governor of New York. In selecting him the party will do what it did in 1872, when it nominated Mr. Kernan—designate one of its most reputable members as its candidate. With such men as Governor Dix and Mr. Tilden as representatives of the two parties, the election will be what it should be, a contest of principles. Unlike Mr. Hoffman, who was the last successful candidate of his party in this State, Mr. Tilden was really the foe, and not the tool, of the Tweed Ring. He has been for many years prominent as a counselor among the Democrats, and sat in the Constitutional Conventions of 1846 and 1867. He has been chairman of the Democratic State Committee since the death of Mr. Dean Richmond; and although he was powerless during the supremacy of Tweed, that Democratic chief preferred to retain him in a position of honor rather than to force him into open hostility. When, however, the exposures in the *Times* were made, Mr. Tilden took an open and active part in the movement against the Ring, and was consequently derided by Democratic papers which will now commend him to support because of the action which they sought to discredit.

If we look at the chances of his election, it is evident that Mr. Tilden is not so popular with his party as Governor Dix with the Republicans, and that therefore no more than "the regulation" Democratic vote can be expected for him. He is not a man to fire the Democratic heart. Upon grounds of personal character there would be no reason to prefer either candidate to the other. In point of executive experience and political ability, of course no friend of Mr. Tilden would claim that he was superior to Governor Dix. There are, indeed, no especial reasons that would make him a strong candidate, as Mr. Seymour might be from his previous service and national leadership in his party. On the other hand, it is urged that Governor Dix's vote was more than six thousand behind that of General Grant in 1872, and that thirty thousand temperance voters are arrayed against him now. But the vote for President often leads that of the State candidates, while the number of "temperance" voters is a mere guess. The assertion that sixty thousand Democrats did not vote in 1872 who will now vote for the regular Democratic candidate is another guess which is of no importance.

It is fair to conclude, should Mr. Tilden be nominated upon one side and Governor Dix upon the other, that the election would indicate the preference of New York as to the two parties whom they represent. The election of Mr. Tilden would be the verdict of New York that the administration of government, national as well as State, should be transferred from the Republicans to the Democrats; that the great interests of the country would be safer with them; that it would be wise to intrust the financial policy to a party in which alone virtual repudiation is openly favored, and the Southern question of race to a party which alone denounces the colored population. Democratic success in New York might indeed be viewed as a reproof to the Republicans, or as indifference, and we should probably hear much of the "off year." But when the "off year" and the spirit of reproof or indifference go to the point of defeating a party, they have gone very near to destroying it. If a popular election ever shows the preference of the people, there is no reason to doubt that the autumn election in New York will do so, and it therefore concerns every voter to be alert.

IN A SPIRIT OF LOVE.

We lately said that the position of the Democratic party as a hard-money party could be established only by its authorized declarations made in the recognized and usual manner. The New York *World*, in reply, proceeds to quote opinions of Jefferson, Calhoun, Jackson, the old Blair *Globe*, Van Buren, James K. Polk, Pierce, Buchanan, Marcy, Cass, Taney, Ritchie, Woodbury, and other Democrats upon the subject of hard money, as the proof required. But the point in question is the position of the party to-day. It no more follows that the Democratic party is sound upon the financial question to-day because JEFFERSON was formerly sound than it does that the same party, which professed twenty years ago to be founded upon his political philosophy, was sound upon the slavery question because JEFFERSON expressed the strongest antislavery sentiments. There is one "recognized and usual manner," and one only, in which a political party in this country makes an authorized declaration of its principles, and that is by the resolutions of its regular conventions. Let us, then, in a spirit of love, inquire whether the Democratic Conventions in 1874 agree with the views of those departed Democrats with which the *World* favors us.

The Democratic party has recently held eleven State conventions and one in the Territory of Colorado. Four of these, in Indiana, Tennessee, Ohio, and Missouri, declare for paper money; three, in Vermont, Alabama, and Louisiana, are silent upon the subject; two, in Colorado and Pennsylvania, hope for specie resumption "as soon as business interests will permit;" one, in Delaware, opposes an unconstitutional currency, and two, in Maine and Illinois, pronounce unequivocally for hard money. The Illinois Convention, however, although assembled in obedience to a call of the Democratic Committee, and therefore a regular Democratic Convention, also represented the disaffected Republicans, whose leaders had signed the call. Yet even in this body of five hundred and seventy-two members the hard-money majority was only seventy.

According, therefore, to the authorized declarations of the Democratic party, made in the recognized and usual manner, it is not a hard-money party, although there are Democrats who favor that policy. The simple fact is that neither of the parties, as such, is what can be truly called a hard-money party; yet the declarations of Republican Conventions are much more satisfactory upon the subject than those of their opponents; while the veto message of President GRANT, and the message and letter of Governor DIX, with the resolutions of the Republican Legislature of New York, are very much more to the present practical point than the opinions of JEFFERSON, CALHOUN, and JACKSON.

"TEMPERANCE" REPUBLICANS.

MANY voters who have hitherto acted with the Republican party because of its moral aspect have always regarded the temperance question as second in importance only to that of slavery, and now that slavery is abolished, prohibition becomes to them the paramount issue. Those who hold that view are of opinion that a Democratic restoration, although it could not help the prohibitory cause, would be a smaller peril than the continuance of Republican ascendency without that policy. This view is plainly stated in a letter which we have received from Missouri in reply to a recent article in the *Weekly:*

> "I do not make temperance an exclusive hobby, but I am a Republican determinedly in favor of political reform; and observation and experience have forced the conviction upon my mind that when political reformers attack 'intemperance,' they strike the very bulwark of political and social corruption. All the vices of our political system seem to cluster around this evil, and the sooner this fact is impressed upon the minds of the American people, the sooner will a genuine reform be accomplished. The Republican party seems to be unequal to the great emergency.
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> "I do not believe Democratic control of State or national government will work ruinous reaction; and whenever the reform element holds the balance of power, it should use it to force the Republican party to a higher plane or to *defeat.*"

The *Southern Tier Leader*, a temperance Republican journal in Elmira, New York, which advocates local option, as we understand, and not central prohibition, says:

> "The temperance men, who are not in the prohibition or third party movement, hold the key to the political situation in this State. Who shall be Governor, and what party shall control the Assembly and elect the next United States Senator, are questions which they will decide. They will not stand on a meaningless platform, and they will not support doubtful candidates, whatever political consequences may follow."

That is to say, if the Republican Convention does not declare for a "temperance" policy, as the *Leader* understands it, and nominate candidates known to be in favor of it, the "temperance" men, as distinguished from the "prohibitionists," will refuse to vote for the Republican ticket. The "temperance" declaration and legislation that would satisfy the *Leader* would be "local option;" but other temperance men would require prohibition; and still other temperance men would demand as little legislation upon the subject as possible, and would strenuously resist any kind of sumptuary law beyond a sound license system. In other words, opinions are very much divided upon the true methods of dealing with the subject, and it is a very grave error to suppose, because the Republican party has abolished slavery, that it would therefore undertake to deal with intemperance in the way that our Missouri correspondent and the *Leader* might prefer. The *Leader* asserts that the "temperance" Republicans, as distinguished from the "prohibitive" Republicans, can determine who shall be Governor and Senator. But the most that can be said is this: that if a large number of Republicans refuse to support the candidates of the Convention, they will secure the election of the Democratic candidates. Whether there is a large number who would so refuse does not appear, and the *Leader* can not know.

In the present situation of the country, however, we are inclined to think the number of those who would subordinate every other question at the polls to that of stringent temperance legislation is overestimated. And the *Leader* will doubtless agree that the demand of this number to dictate the policy of the party upon the subject will be resisted with exactly the same determination with which it will be pressed. Nor can there be any doubt that the success of the prohibitionists in the Convention would be followed by a greatly reduced Republican vote, if not by defeat. Even in Massachusetts, should Governor TALBOT, the representative of that policy, be nominated, the vote would be seriously diminished.

Nor could the fact of his re-election be regarded as proof that the Republican party is what is known as a "temperance" party. It would signify no more than that a number of voters large enough to make a majority still think that Republican principles and policy and tendency are safer for the country than the Democratic, despite "temperance" legislation. When they ceased to think so the Republican party would disappear. The *Leader* thinks that the "temperance" voters in New York will decide whether the Democratic or Republican candidate for Governor shall be elected. But unless it thinks that the character and tendency of the Democratic party are more favorable to the cause of temperance than the Republican, it can not suppose that the voters to whom it speaks would aid a Republican defeat.

THEORISTS AND DREAMERS.

IN discussing the political situation, and in reply to an article in this journal, the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, alluding to the war, speaks of the "great body of the American people, North and South," as "demagogued and dragooned into a senseless war over the negro." It is hardly possible to discuss seriously with an opponent who is capable of taking such a view. He has every thing to learn and to unlearn. He is like a historian who should say that the Sons of Liberty in '76 were demagogued and dragooned into a senseless war over a miserable duty of tuppence on tea and a contemptible stamp tax, or that JOHN HAMPDEN turned England topsy-turvy for a few paltry shillings of ship-money. It is precisely the key of DOUGLAS's sneer that he took the part of the negro against the alligator, and of the white man against the negro. Instead of a senseless war over the negro, the contest was the maintenance of orderly government and of the fundamental principles of freedom against the fanaticism of barbarism and injustice. Secession was the assertion of the right of a political minority to control a majority. It was not a plea of revolution, but of the constitutional right of a faction to overthrow the constitution of a nation. To see in it only a senseless war over the negro is to betray fatal incompetency to comprehend the situation that has succeeded the war.

Yet the very article in which this astounding appreciation of the war is found speaks of those who differ from it as dreaming theorists and doctrinaires. Recent history, however, has shown who were and who were not theorists and doctrinaires. ABRAHAM LINCOLN and WILLIAM HENRY SEWARD, for instance, were not. The former showed his practical common-sense when he said in Illinois, sixteen years ago, "I believe this government can not endure half slave and half free;" and the latter, when he declared in New York that an "irrepressible conflict" existed between slavery and freedom. Doubtless, in the opinion of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, they were either demagogues dragooning the people into a senseless war over the negro, or they were dreamers and theorists. What were CALHOUN and TOOMBS and SLIDELL and MASON and JEFF DAVIS? Or what, as supposing that a house divided against itself could be made to stand by shutting your eyes and a judicious compromise of fire and gunpowder, were CLAY and EVERETT and the Whigs, of whom the Louisville *Courier-Journal* was a former organ? They were all impracticable theorists and visionaries. They saw in the debate only a senseless row over the wretched negro. DANIEL WEBSTER said that the Revolution was fought upon a preamble and upon an idea, and yet he exhorted the townsmen of JAMES OTIS and SAM ADAMS to conquer their prejudices in favor of liberty and justice. Those who held with LINCOLN and SEWARD were the men of practical common-sense, as the event proved, and their opponents were the vainest of theorists and dreamers and doctrinaires.

Society is really ruled by ideas, by principles, by spiritual forces; and the practical man is he who comprehends their actual power in influencing human action. The statesmanship which should address itself to the peculiar political difficulties of the hour in this country upon the theory that "niggers are only niggers" would end exactly where the rebellion ended—in total ruin and disaster. That end was the legitimate result of the feeling that the Union cause was a senseless war over the negro. Those only who comprehend that caste and inequality before the law are henceforward impossible in this country, so long as our present system of government endures, can deal conclusively and acceptably with the results of the war, and they only are the men who are not dreamers and doctrinaires. It was not the border ruffians, it was the Free State men, who were the practical men in Kansas eighteen years ago. And as the *Courier-Journal* assumes to speak for the "Southern people," it should reflect that the ruffian policy is even more impracticable now than it was then.

MOTLEY'S "JOHN OF BARNEVELD."

MR. MOTLEY's *John of Barneveld*, published a few weeks since, has been received with the respect due to the work of so eminent a writer, and with the interest which so graphic and impassioned a story naturally commands. Except to students of history BARNEVELD has hitherto been a name only, but henceforth the general reader will probably rank him, in Mr. MOTLEY's words, "among the natural leaders of mankind" at the time in which he lived. And certainly in that stormy age which saw the fell plans of CHARLES the Fifth and PHILIP the Second happily baffled, in which Europe was a battle-field for eighty years, during which America was settled, and liberty was upon the whole maintained, the figure of BARNEVELD is one of the most striking and significant. Mr. MOTLEY's story is mainly that of the closing years of his life, during the twelve years' truce with Spain, when the web of general European politics was almost inextricably interwoven, and when the Netherlands were torn with the fatal religious quarrel to which BARNEVELD fell a victim.

The work, as the author says, is both a sequel to the history of the war of independence in the Netherlands and an introduction to that of the Thirty Years' War. It is an interlude during which the real forces in contest may be well studied, and the apparent pettiness of the motives and excuses for the tumult of the world may be accurately measured. BARNEVELD himself is not in the usual sense of the word an ideal character. He was moulded and colored by his time. But he had a certain natural greatness of mind, a noble instinct of liberty, a lofty patriotism, and an unquailing spirit, which mark him as a master of men. And his amazing industry and facility of work, his self-possession and adroitness, his untiring zeal and intellectual ability, seconded his great qualities. He was what we should now call an aristocrat, but he maintained the popular principle of local power, which is the mainspring of a united republic; and while in no sense what is technically understood as a freethinker, he yet stood fast for religious liberality.

Associated for some time with HENRY the Fourth of France, BARNEVELD's story introduces the remarkable and romantic episode of the passion of that king for the young Princess of Condé. This is narrated by Mr. MOTLEY at some length, because of its effect upon HENRY's conduct at a critical juncture. The character and career of Prince MAURICE, the bitter religious dissensions of Holland, the Medicean politics of France, the glimpses of the England of JAMES the First, the friendship of GROTIUS and BARNEVELD, and the tragedy of BARNEVELD's imprisonment, trial, and execution, offer the historian a variety of picturesque and exciting subjects, which he treats with his well-known vigor and sympathy. Indeed, it is perhaps the secret of Mr. MOTLEY's great popularity that his intense sympathy so vivifies the times and events of which he writes that they throb and quiver with actual life. He takes part himself in the long silent debates that he describes. He exposes the pedantic JAMES to the fresh scorn of a new generation, and depicts the greatness of BARNEVELD as if he were portraying a contemporary BISMARCK or CAVOUR. It is because the historian feels that the old story is ever new. *De te fabula narratur.* The conflict between liberty and despotism varies its form, but its essence is the same. A countryman of WASHINGTON and SAM ADAMS naturally relates with enthusiasm the Dutch struggle for independence under WILLIAM the Silent, and the founding of the republic by the counsels and labors of BARNEVELD. The labors of Mr. MOTLEY have a peculiar value for his countrymen at this time, because we are now confronted with immense political problems, in solving which the lessons of other times and the experience of great historic statesmen will be of inestimable service.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

IN view of the many recent acts of violence perpetrated by the Ku-Klux in the South (referred to at length on page 778 of this paper), President Grant has written the following letter of instructions to the Secretary of War:

"LONG BRANCH, NEW JERSEY, *September* 2, 1874.

"*General W. W. Belknap, Secretary of War:*

"The recent atrocities in the South, particularly in Louisiana, Alabama, and South Carolina, show a disregard for law, civil rights, and personal protection that ought not to be tolerated in any civilized government. It looks as if, unless speedily checked, matters must become worse, until life and property there will receive no protection from the local authorities, such authority becoming powerless. Under such circumstances it is the duty of the government to give all the aid for the protection of life and civil rights legally authorized. To this end I wish you would consult with the Attorney-General, who is well informed as to the outrages already committed, and the localities where the greatest danger lies, and so order troops as to be available in case of necessity. All proceedings for the protection of the South will be under the Law Department of the government, and will be directed by the Attorney-General in accordance with the provisions of the Enforcement acts. No instructions need therefore be given the troops ordered into the Southern States, except as they may be transmitted from time to time on advice from the Attorney-General, or as circumstances may determine hereafter.

"Yours truly, U. S. GRANT."

Accordingly, on the 3d inst., the Attorney-General issued an order to United States marshals and attorneys in the districts referred to, directing them to proceed with all possible energy and dispatch to detect, expose, arrest, and punish the perpetrators of these crimes, and to spare no effort or necessary expense in doing so. United States troops will be stationed at convenient points to render assistance if necessary. The Attorney-General concludes his letter with the following cautionary words: "You understand, of course, that no interference whatever is hereby intended with any political or party action not in violation of law, but protection to all classes of citizens, white and colored, in the free exercise of the elective franchise, and the enjoyment of the other rights and privileges to which they are entitled under the Constitution and laws as citizens of the United States."

The Vermont State election took place on the 1st inst., and resulted in a victory for the Republicans. Mr. Beck goes in as Governor by a majority of over 20,000, and both Houses of the Legislature are overwhelmingly Republican. In the Second Congressional District Hon. Luke P. Poland was defeated by a split in the ticket.

The Ohio Republican State Convention met in Columbus on the 2d inst., and nominated for Secretary of State A. T. Wikoff. The Nebraska Republicans held their Convention on the same day at Omaha. It was the largest ever held in the State. Silas Garber was nominated for Governor and Lorenzo Crounz for Congress. The resolutions adopted are in favor of specie payment, free banking, the election of President and Federal officers by a direct vote, the transfer of the Indian management to the War Department, and the enforcement of the civil rights laws. The tenth resolution opposes a third Presidential term. In Missouri the People's (non-partisan) Convention was held at St. Louis, when William Gentry was named for Governor.

The New York *Times* says, editorially: "A Roman Catholic priest in Brattleborough, Vermont, recently asked of the local school committee that the children of his parish who attended the public schools might be excused on Corpus Christi Day, in order to attend church. This request was refused, and as the priest prevented the children from attending on that day, the school committee and the teachers, who have the sole right of decision in the case, excluded those children from the schools for the remainder of the term. The Catholic parents appealed to a judge, who sustained the action of the committee. There has been considerable angry discussion concerning the matter, but the committee hold that they have a right to enforce school discipline, and that, as there is no such holiday as Corpus Christi in the civil calendar, they do not propose to recognize it. The Vermont people feel that if they would preserve the common-school system they must draw the limit of priestly interference somewhere at once."

A terrific storm occurred on the coast of Texas recently, causing the loss of many lives and the destruction of a great deal of property. The town of Brazos Santiago, thirty miles from Brownsville, was entirely submerged, the houses, which are built of wood, floating off to sea. The inhabitants took to boats, but the flood carried them away, and it is feared they have perished. The French bark *Coromandel* was wrecked in the storm, and all the crew except the captain and two sailors were lost.

Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, has been renominated for Congress.

FOREIGN NEWS.

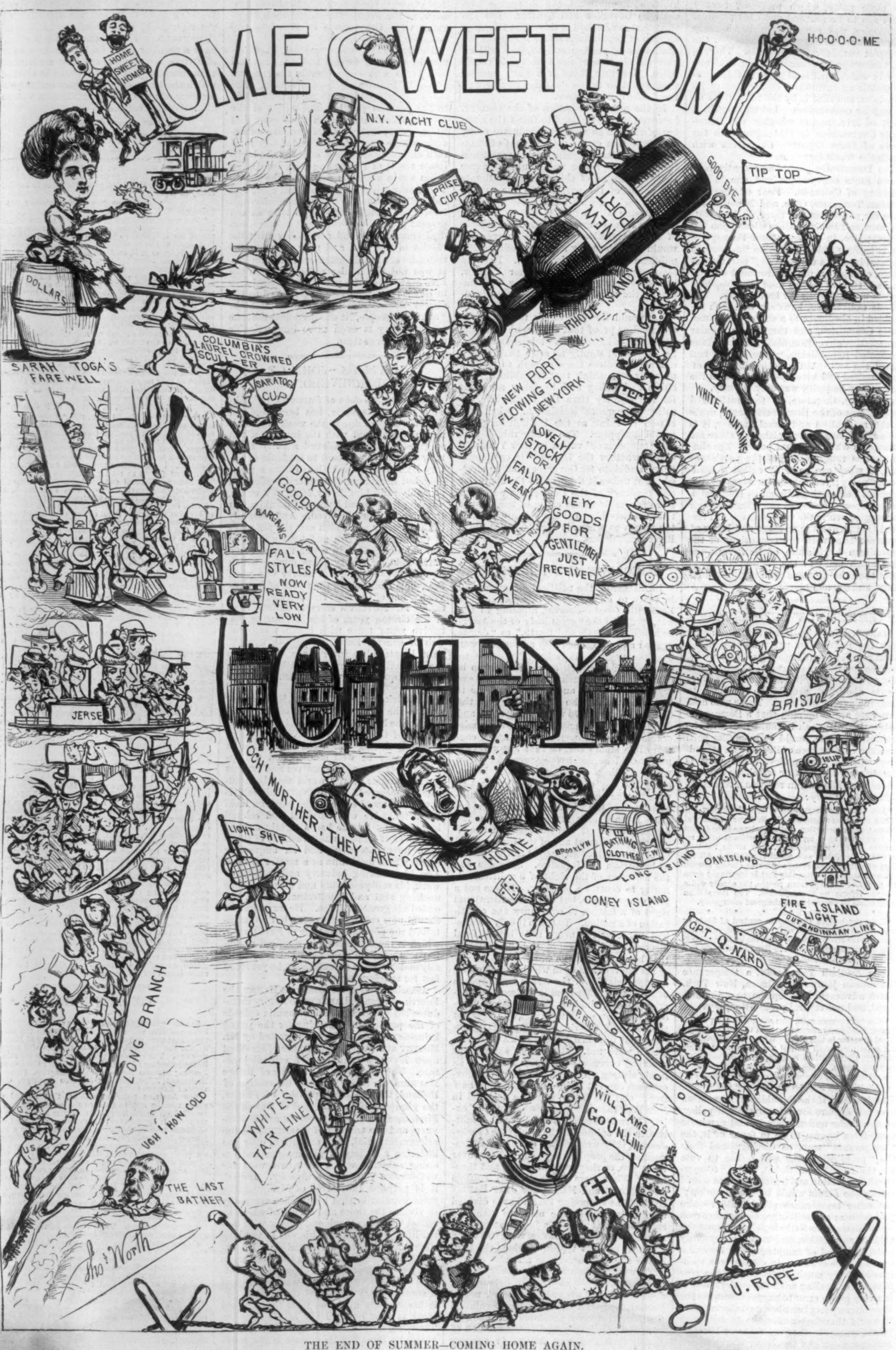
SPANISH government cabinets are proverbially short-lived, and now another has been added to the list of those that were and are not. The ministry of Marshal Zabala has resigned, and Señor Sagasta will form a new one. The names of the new ministers are said to be the following: Ulloa, Foreign Affairs; Colmenares, Justice; Serrano Bedova, War; Camacho, Finance; Rodriguez Arias, Marine; Nevarro Rodrigo, Commerce; Romero Ortiz, Colonies.

The Austrian polar expedition that started out many months ago to explore the arctic seas has at length been heard from, after having been given up for lost. It appears that the vessel was wrecked, and all hands took to sleighs, and succeeded, after a long journey, in reaching the Norwegian island of Wardoe. Two whole winters were passed on the ice. The highest point reached was in latitude 80°. A large tract of land was discovered to the northward of Nova Zembla. Only one death occurred during the entire voyage.

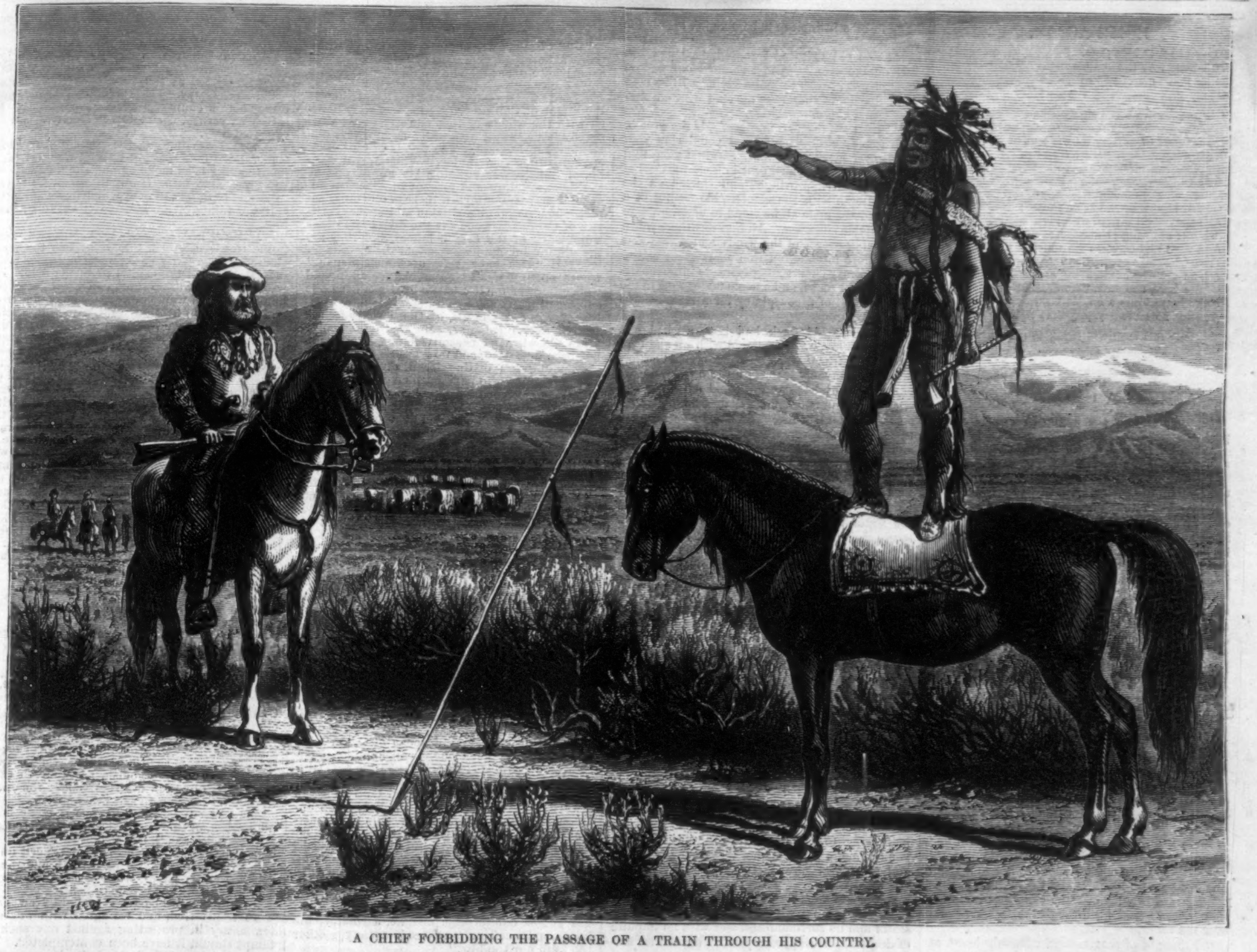
The officers charged with the duty of investigating the circumstances of Marshal Bazaine's escape from prison have lost no time in pursuing their work, and now we have their report. The commissioners implicate the jailers, who, as they state, were instigated by Colonel Villette, Bazaine's aid-de-camp, to facilitate the prisoner's flight. The garrison of the fort is acquitted of all complicity in the affair.

Steamer advices from Yokohama to the 14th ult. report that the Japanese adhere to their determination not to be driven into war with China except in the last extremity. The whole tendency of their present negotiations is pacific, but so many influences are operating against them that they feel the necessity of fully preparing themselves. To this end large bodies of troops have been assembled in certain southern ports, ready for instant departure in case of need, and several large steamers have been added to their transport fleet.

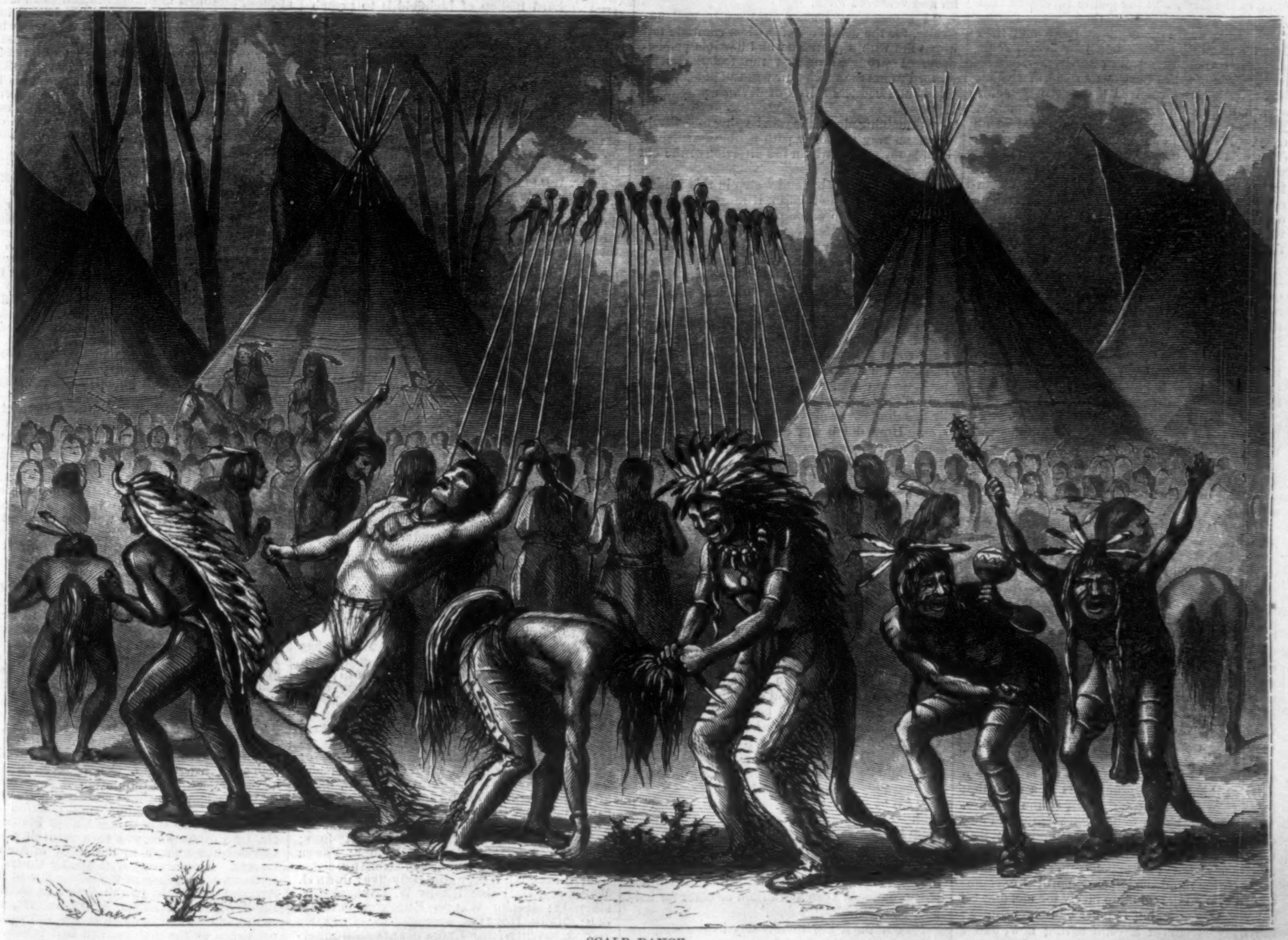
The Bishop of Yucatan has issued an order excommunicating all Catholics who contract civil marriages.


HOME SWEET HOME
HOME SWEET HOME
H-O-O-O-O-ME
N.Y. YACHT CLUB
PRISE CUP
NEW PORT
GOOD BYE
TIP TOP
DOLLARS
SARAH TOGA'S FAREWELL
COLUMBIA'S LAUREL CROWNED SCULLER
SARATOGA CUP
RHODE ISLAND
NEW PORT FLOWING TO NEW YORK
WHITE MOUNTAINS
LOVELY STOCK FOR FALL WEAR
DRY GOODS
BARGAINS
NEW GOODS FOR GENTLEMEN JUST RECEIVED
FALL STYLES NOW READY VERY LOW
CITY
OCH' MURTHER, THEY ARE COMING HOME"
JERSEY
BRISTOL
ISLIP
LIGHT SHIP
BROOKLYN
BATHING CLOTHES
T.W
LONG ISLAND
OAK ISLAND
CONEY ISLAND
FIRE ISLAND LIGHT
OUT AND INMAN LINE
CPT. Q. NARD
CPT P. RICE
WHITE'S TAR LINE
WILL YAMS GO ON LINE
LONG BRANCH
US
UGH! HOW COLD
THE LAST BATHER
U. ROPE
Tho.s Worth

THE END OF SUMMER—COMING HOME AGAIN.



A CHIEF FORBIDDING THE PASSAGE OF A TRAIN THROUGH HIS COUNTRY.



SCALP DANCE.

SKETCHES OF INDIAN WARFARE.—DRAWN BY W. M. CARY.—[SEE PAGE 782.]

HOME AGAIN.

"Come back!" bids Care. Sweet Rest, farewell!
This little rosy tinted shell
Is all that now is left to me
Of my glad summer by the sea!

Gay mornings on the sunny sands,
With merry bathers linking hands;
Calm hours of musing on the lone
High cliffs, with juniper o'ergrown,
Strange wild birds flitting to and fro,
And white waves breaking far below;
Long twilight rambles past the brown
Quaint houses of the fishing town;
And moonlight strolls, when, low and sweet,
A silver sea sang at our feet;
And dark nights, when we watched the far
Faint gleaming of the light-house star:
All, all are over! Stern and strong
Comes Care, and says, "You've staid too long!
Make haste to do a double task,
And for no more gay play-time ask!"

Yet long this shell will speak to me
Of my glad summer by the sea.

ALMOST A GHOST STORY.

"Did you ever see a ghost?" was the appeal.

"Well, I came deuced near it, I can tell you," said young Howard.

"How near?" cried the company, drawing their chairs to the fire.

"It was in that desolate, God-forsaken part of New Jersey," said Howard, "near Barnegat Shoals. What with the nature of the soil there, its barrenness and sterility, the jagged, repelling grimness of the rocks, and the wild, desolate infinity of the waters, there's something about Barnegat that breeds an affinity with ghosts and spectres. There had been a wreck of a coasting schooner in the vicinity, and although the news didn't make much of a sensation in the newspapers, it brought despair and desolation to one heart at least—that of the young mate's mother. He was an old school-mate and warm friend of my own, and I volunteered to go down and see if the body could be found and brought home.

"When I reached there the whole aspect of the place struck me as forbiddingly wild and lonely; and when, toward the close of a stormy day, poor old Jack's body was washed ashore, stark and stiff, and distorted almost beyond recognition, I wasn't able to lend the fellows down there a helping hand. I was seized with a nervous chill, and went in-doors to the brandy flask. Propped up with an artificial courage, I went out again and found them hauling their helpless burden toward a fisherman's hut close by. They had flung it in an old tarpaulin blanket, and I couldn't help protesting inwardly against the rude way in which they bumped it along through the breakers and over the rocks.

"I thought of that tender, womanly heart at home in the East, and the gentle reverence that hedged about even her every thought and feeling about Jack, and I determined there and then that he should be taken home to her in some shape that wouldn't appall or horrify her.

"They laughed at me when I spoke of a coffin, but nevertheless I resolved upon getting one, if such a thing could be had for love or money. Not that a coffin is absolutely requisite in all cases. It wouldn't have mattered a pin to either Jack or myself if, tied up in the old tarpaulin, with a weight heavy as destiny itself, we were forced to the bottom of the sea. But to a woman, an old church-ridden, conventional woman, a victim to circumstance and custom, a coffin was the only thing that could render the affair respectable, or indeed bearable.

"I passed a sleepless night, and went off before daylight in search of an old man that bore a queer reputation about there for appropriating any thing that came inshore, and rendering it useful or ornamental with a rude knack he had in the carpenter line. The boys told me there was a little of every thing in his old rookery, and they hadn't the least doubt I could find even a coffin there, or something that might be modeled into one.

"It was a good league to his dwelling, and I reached there with a foreboding that my journey was for nothing; but upon broaching the subject to him, he stated his readiness at once to comply with my demands.

"'But what will you do for material?' I asked.

"He smiled grimly, and opening a door that led up to a sort of loft, he beckoned me to follow him. In that loft there was wood readily adapted to build a ship, a house, a theatre—any thing and every thing that might be desired. Not common wood, mark you, but wreckers' material—panels of French walnut, exquisitely carved in bass-relief, bits of precious ebony, of sandal-wood, of box, and some of that delicate white pine that exhales a delicious perfume. The boys had said that he was very clever in the carpenter line. I was inspired with a sort of trust in his capacity, and his willingness to undertake the job was only equaled by his determination to be paid well for doing it.

"'Don't you fret, young man,' said the old skeleton. 'I'll fix it for you in a shape that 'll suit. I'll have it as scrumptious as a nut—that is, ef ye're able to bear the heft of the expense. It's costly, yer know, to hev things pious and nice down this way; we can't allers afford it; then the sea bein' handy, it's a temptation to save time and money; but ef the expense ain't counted in—'

"'Never mind the expense, pard,' I exclaimed. 'You do the thing up nicely for me, and I'll see you through; but it must be done at once; the body is almost beyond saving now, and I want the coffin by to-morrow night. It must be ready to be shipped before daybreak the next morning.'

"'All right,' said the old screw. 'I don't mind losin' a little sleep to be obligin', ef only the expense—'

"'You old vulture,' I roared, 'I'll pay you half on the spot!' And I counted out to him enough greenbacks to make his sharp old nose come down and chop over his chin with an unctuous smack of appreciation.

"'I'll hev it that scrumptious,' said the wretch, with greedy enthusiasm, 'that you'll clap your hands over it. It 'll be that peart and pious that you needn't be ashamed of it in a church!'

"I nodded approvingly, and started on the home stretch with the comfortable feeling of a man who has done all he could to ameliorate an irremediable suffering. All that day there was a threatening aspect of the winds and waves that boded more mischief on that malevolent shore. Massive heavy clouds hung black as ink over the sharp jagged rocks, and a fierce under-tone in the elements told of a conspiracy for a tempestuous debauch.

"My poor old Jack had been washed and shaven, his last toilet rendered with all the care that his old friend and school-fellow could bestow upon a melancholy labor of love; a few hot tears burst from my burning eyes, and fell upon that strange and unfamiliar face; and finding it become less and less recognizable as I gazed upon it, I covered it reverently with my handkerchief, and sat silent and alone with it and the darkness, waiting for the old man with the coffin.

"As the day waned and twilight gathered, a wail broke forth from the rocks and the waves; a few belated gulls flopped their wings heavily over the water that began to lash furiously the low sandy shore. Presently a few drops fell, the precursors of one of those furious storms that riot on that desert coast.

"An agony of impatience seized me. I got upon my feet, and paced to and fro the loose boards of the hut.

"Was I, then, condemned to stay here, powerless to save my poor Jack from being the puppet of yonder malignant fiends of the shore and the sea? I knew if the coffin were delayed until the storm increased in fury, the road to the old wrecker's home would be impassable, flooded, and without a clew.

"Was it, then, destined that he should be thrown into the greedy maw of the sea, after all, and his place in the dear little church-yard at home know him no more? There were prayers even then offered up for him in that dear little village in the valley, not only by the thin and withered lips of his mother, but sweet and roseate ones were trembling in his behalf that late had clung to his own in rapture, and gentle young fingers would gather flowers for his grave and murmur benisons there for many a year. Oh, was it, then, impossible to give this joy to my poor old Jack?

"I started up with a malediction upon the storm and its surroundings, and with an impulse of desperation wrapped myself in the old tarpaulin and ventured forth.

"I suppose my nerves were pretty well unstrung, for the dead face of my lost comrade followed me with a grotesque and horrible persistency. I struggled against the feeling, but it seemed to me the murky air was full of shapeless fiends and bodiless spirits of devilish propinquities.

"Stumbling along, the rain beating mercilessly down, making the rocky path perilously smooth, I made my way slowly in the direction of the old wrecker's abode.

"Feeling the path step by step in this wilderness of darkness and storm, it must have taken me many hours to accomplish a mile, for I had scarcely gone half-way when I found by my watch it was nearly midnight. The same lurid gleam of lightning that showed me the face of my watch gave me also a fleet glimpse of something lying in the road before me, almost at my feet.

"I looked, and started back in horror; a peculiar sensation came to my scalp; I felt my hair, so to speak, rising on end; for there, in a defile of the road, half wedged in the shelter of a rock, was a coffin. The peculiar shape of it was only dimly discernible, and either exaggerated by this dimness or else the coffin was of gigantic size. How did it get there? Did the fiends about me contrive this shape to deceive my half-delirious senses? I looked again, and slowly I saw the ponderous lid rise, a skeleton hand come forth; then an arm. At last half the form emerged from this terrible resting-place, and, wrapped about with a winding-sheet, seemed struggling to leave the coffin altogether.

"I seized my pistol with a trembling hand. I cocked it.

"'Don't shoot, young man!' cried the spectre. 'Ye'll spile the polish, ef yer do. This cussed rain has e'en-a'most done for it already. It was pious and peart a spell back, but it's pretty well spiled now, I'm afeard.'

"It was my old wrecker, carpenter, and coffin-maker. He explained to me that he'd started on time with the coffin, and kept up till the storm had come upon him, and he was forced to rest a while under the overhanging rock. He thought, very properly, that no better shelter could be found than the coffin itself; and he was right. We might both have crept inside, and there would still have been room for more.

"'Why on earth did you make it so big?' I said. 'I don't want my poor Jack to lie around loose in this way.'

"'Well, where's the odds?' said the accommodating artisan. 'You didn't seem to spare the expense; so I thought I'd leave plenty of elbow-room. We can find suthin or other for ballast, I reckon, down below.'

"Poor Jack lies to this day in the singular coffin thus provided for him, and over him the arbutus blooms, and tender violets, and all the dainty flowers dear to a young girl's fancy or an old woman's love."

PERSONAL.

"John Paul," writing from an atmosphere of punts at Saratoga, expresses an intention to join some boat club, as then he would be able to consider himself "a gentleman and sculler."

—Lord Skelmersdale, who lately did himself the honor of visiting California, was so delighted with the woods of that country that he ordered a large supply with which to adorn his fine residence in London. The woods of California are something remarkable. When Mayor Fargo, of Buffalo, was building his house, one of the most spacious and elegant in America—indeed, it may be doubted if there is one more superb—he brought quantities of all the finer varieties of California wood for the doors and other wood-work of the establishment, and they are the admiration of all who behold them.

—The "Drummer Boy of Chickamauga," whose portrait was in every picture shop, and whose bravery on the battle-field has been the subject of many a song and story, is now Lieutenant John A. Clemm, of the Twenty-fourth United States Infantry. He was only twelve years old when he became famous, but he has not been forgotten, and now has his reward.

—Among the distinguished officers of the army and navy who have been engaged in duels may be mentioned Israel Putnam, who had two duels, fighting because it was "according to usage." On one occasion he unintentionally offended a fellow-officer, who demanded immediate satisfaction. They met the next morning, but before his opponent could take his position "Old Put," it is said, gave him a shot at thirty rods, and began at once to reload. "What are you about to do? Is this the conduct of an American officer and a man of honor?" asked the astonished man. "What am I about to do?" replied Putnam: "a pretty question to put to a man whom you intended to murder! I'm about to kill you; and if you don't beat a retreat in less time than it takes old Heath to hang a Tory, you are a gone dog." The officer departed rapidly. Putnam, however, was not the only officer who dueled. General Cadwallader and Conway fought in 1778; Hamilton and Burr in 1804; Barron killed Decatur; General Jackson killed a Mr. Dickinson; Colonel Benton killed a Mr. Lucas—all in duels. Five shots were exchanged between De Witt Clinton and John Swartwout, in 1802.

—Edmund Yates, in his bright new paper, the *World*, gives a pleasant sketch of Lord Odo Russell, the British envoy to Berlin: "A person who unites the appearance of Orson with the manners of Valentine, a consummate musician, an admirable story-teller, and the best German scholar who was ever bred in England. People who converse with Lord Odo Russell always feel as if they were in the haze of an autumn afternoon, with an agreeable talker discoursing about nothing not far off. Probably he never uttered a harsh word in his life, except while singing; but he has a charming voice, of rare power and compass, so that he can give sound to terrible things, when well accompanied by a person of competent attainments, in tragic opera. He has nothing to desire which he has not got—a comfortable income, a comfortable house, and a convenient place in society, neither too high nor too low."

—The Lord Bishop of Lichfield is to preach the opening sermon at the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, to be held in this city next month. Bishop Selwyn is now sixty-five years old. He was consecrated first bishop of New Zealand at the age of thirty-one. He gained the respect and admiration of the natives, and in the course of his missionary journeys guided his yacht many thousand miles to and from the scattered islands of the Southern Pacific. He was appointed Bishop of Lichfield in 1868, and is one of the most highly esteemed of the English prelates.

—Mr. William E. Forster, one of the most eminent public men of England, is now on his voyage to this country. During the rebellion he was one of the most valuable friends our government had in Great Britain, and since then his good-will toward us has in various ways been steady and powerful. Mr. Forster is entirely a self-made man, having fought his way by sheer intellectual force from the vocation of a worsted manufacturer to a place in Parliament, and subsequently into the cabinet. The London correspondent of the *Tribune* says: "He was long-headed and patient. Under a manner sometimes brusque, and often wanting in external grace, might be discovered a singular combination of cleverness and tact. His speeches were not orations, but they were for the purpose in hand something better—apt, lucid, and convincing. He struck into a debate at the critical moment with almost unfailing judgment, not at all with a harangue sounding as if prepared beforehand, and that might have been delivered any where or at any hour, but to the point—a speech that comprehended and often superseded what had been said before, and carried the House by force of good sense and clear purpose to the conclusion he wanted. He was, in short, on the high-road to the future leadership of the Liberal party, and for some time was looked on as the successor of Mr. Gladstone, whenever Mr. Gladstone should retire. He is regarded by intelligent Englishmen as one who in the not remote future is destined to be Prime Minister of England."

—A correspondent of the Boston *Traveler* has given the ages of certain American gentlemen whose names very often find their way into print. He says, John Quincy Adams is forty-one; William R. Alger, fifty-one; Edward Everett Hale, fifty-two; William B. Washburn, fifty-four; Julia Ward Howe, fifty-four; Harvey Jewell, fifty-four; James Russell Lowell, fifty-five; Edwin P. Whipple, fifty-five; George B. Loring, fifty-seven; Nathaniel P. Banks, fifty-eight; Richard H. Dana, Jun., fifty-nine; Henry Ward Beecher, sixty; Harriet Beecher Stowe, sixty-two; Andrew P. Peabody, sixty-three; Wendell Phillips, sixty-three; James Freeman Clarke, sixty-four; Oliver Wendell Holmes, sixty-four; Peter Harvey, sixty-four; George S. Millard, sixty-five; Robert C. Winthrop, sixty-five; John G. Whittier, sixty-six; Henry W. Longfellow, sixty-six; Ralph Waldo Emerson, seventy-one; Mark Hopkins, seventy-two; Leonard Bacon, seventy-two; Lydia Maria Child, seventy-two; Catharine E. Beecher, seventy-three; George Bancroft, seventy-four; Caleb Cushing, seventy-four; Richard H. Dana, Sen., eighty-seven.

—Mr. Salim Eyoub Tabet, a young Syrian littérateur, has in the London press a collection of epigrams and satires in Arabic verse.

—Jean Ingelow has a nephew, Edward Ingelow Pitman, to whom she is giving a collegiate education at the college in New Brunswick, New Jersey. He is fifteen years old, and came to this country alone and unattended, to satisfy an earnest desire to see America and be educated here.

—Lord Northbrook, the present Governor-General of India, is about to resign, an arrangement having been made among the members of the great mercantile family of which he is the principal representative by which he assumes the active conduct of the house of Baring Brothers.

—When Field-Marshal Von Moltke goes home to his estate in Silesia he has the good time which he fairly earns when occupied with official duties at the capital or in the field. He rises at 5 A.M., warms some coffee with a spirit-lamp, and then walks out. At 7 he commences an inspection of his flour mill, saw-mill, distillery, and garden, and amuses himself by pruning the young trees. At 10 he breakfasts, reads newspapers and letters, and works until noon, when he lies down until 2 P.M., the hour for dinner. He retires to rest always at 10 P.M., and on fine summer evenings he takes a walk alone, generally to the mausoleum erected to his wife, which is a marble monument at the end of the park, surrounded by cypress-trees. It bears a figure of Christ, and the inscription, "Love is fulfillment of the law." This monument was designed by the marshal, and when he comes down to his estate he always visits it before entering the house. Madame Von Moltke was a cultivated and amiable lady, much younger than her husband, who looked, it is said, more like her father. She used to lean on his arm, laughing and jesting, and was devotedly attached to her lord, who was no less fond of his young wife, whose memory he cherishes so fondly.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A good illustration of the confusion caused by the application of the same name to different fishes is seen in a paragraph in the San Francisco *Bulletin*, when speaking of the California aquarium car, in which Mr. Livingston Stone, in behalf of the California Fish Commissioners, transported alive, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, numerous varieties of Eastern fish. While in general commending the enterprise and congratulating the California public on his success, it takes occasion to protest against the importation of pike and blue-fish, as likely to cause great injury by their destructiveness, the one to fresh and the other to salt water species.

The pike to which reference is made is the pike-perch, or the so-called wall-eyed perch, and is not a pike at all, but is closely allied to the yellow perch, and a fish of special merit on account of the rapidity of its growth and the excellence of its flavor, while it is not more destructive than the average of fishes.

No blue-fish, as so termed about New York, were transferred, and we agree with our contemporary in protesting against any such attempt should it have been contemplated. The species, although desirable in itself as an article of food, and one that furnishes good sport in its capture, is a veritable pest in the waters where it abounds, living generally at the expense of other species, which it at length exterminates; then disappearing for a series of years, until the supply of fish upon which it can repeat its ravages is renewed. The problem of transferring such species would be a very difficult one, as, in consequence of their voracity, they would prey upon each other until, perhaps, only one would remain!

As previously announced, the Anderson School of Natural History at Penikese was opened on the 9th of July for the summer season. The number of students in attendance was large, and found every thing ready for immediate action. A great improvement in the general arrangements over those of last year was noted by the visitors, the buildings having been completed and the dormitories comfortably furnished, while the laboratories were well fitted up for their anticipated functions.

Mr. Alexander Agassiz, who succeeded his father as director, although on the island, was seriously indisposed, and unable to leave his room. Mr. John Anderson, the donor and founder of the establishment, and Mrs. Anderson were present.

Of the corps of lecturers there were at the opening Mr. F. W. Putnam, of Salem, Professors Theodore Lyman, Edward Bicknell, A. M. Mayer, Jordan, and Count Pourtalès. Others who arrived subsequently were Dr. Burt Wilder and Professors Morse and Packard. The number of students in attendance was forty-six, of whom twenty were ladies. They represented sixteen States, and were for the most part persons engaged in teaching, and who desired to fit themselves better for their duties. The school closed on Friday, the 28th of August.

The medal of the Copenhagen Society of Sciences for the best essay on the spectra of the planets has been recently presented to Dr. Vogel, director of the private observatory of his Excellency Von Bulow, at Bothkamp, near Kiel. The essay was considered by the society as in every respect a most excellent one, and was rewarded not only with the golden medal, but also with a sum of money of equal value.

The death of Mr. G. R. Crotch, from consumption, took place in Philadelphia on the 16th of June. Mr. Crotch was for some years librarian of the University of Cambridge, in England, and attained a high reputation as an entomologist, his attention being specially directed to the coleoptera. He resigned that position some years ago, and came to the United States with Dr. Le Conte, who was then returning home, and devoted himself to the study of American insects. He prepared, with Dr. Le Conte's assistance, a catalogue of the coleoptera of North America, published by the American Naturalist Book Agency at Salem, Massachusetts, superseding an earlier catalogue by Melsheimer, published by the Smithsonian Institution.

Mr. Crotch recently visited California, and made numerous collections of all orders of insects, embracing quite a number of new species. For a time also he was a member of the Scientific

Corps of the Museum of Comparative Zoology, and rendered excellent service in arranging the collection of coleoptera.

Professor OWEN, in a recent paper on the ethnology of Egypt, combines the results lately attained by MARIETTE-BEY with those previously recorded, and concludes that three distinct types of portrait sculptures are to be found in the statues and tombs of the ancient Egyptians.

1. The primal Egyptian, bearing no trace of the negro nor Arab, but more nearly matched by a high European physiognomy.

2. The type of the conquering race of Shepherd Kings.

3. The Nubian Egyptian, typified in the bass-relief figure of CLEOPATRA.

In conclusion, Professor OWEN draws a graphic picture of the high state of civilization attained by the primal Egyptian race, whose exquisite works, done 6000 years ago, are now rendered accessible to man.

Among the new animals described by AUDUBON and BACHMAN in their great work on North American quadrupeds was a kind of weasel, named by them *Putorius nigripes*, or black-footed ferret, of which a single specimen came into their possession, constituting apparently a good species.

In the thirty years that have elapsed since the announcement of this discovery diligent search has been made for additional specimens, but in vain, and it was not until recently that a skin was sent to the Smithsonian Institution from the North Platte by Mr. LA MUNYON, one of its correspondents. He states that they are very rare, but are known to the hunters as living mainly upon the prairie-dogs, and inhabiting their dens, the tracks of the ferrets being often visible in the snow, passing from one hole to another, during the winter.

It is to be hoped that with this hint in regard to the species additional specimens may be forthcoming, and their true character determined. Unfortunately the specimen of Mr. LA MUNYON was not accompanied by the skull, thus rendering it impossible to determine whether it is a true *Putorius*, like the mink, or a *Mustela*, and more allied to the pine-marten, or the so-called "sable" of Northern New York.

A serious gap in the ranks of zoologists has been made by the death of Dr. STOLICZKA, well known in connection with the geological survey of India, with which he has been connected since 1862. He is best known as a paleontologist, but has also made his mark in the department of general geology, one of his later works being a memoir on the mountain ranges which separate the Indus basin from Turkestan.

The death of HENRY STEPHENS, author of the *Book of the Farm*, and other works on agriculture, is announced as having taken place, at the age of eighty, at Edinburgh.

A new process of engraving on copper, with special reference to map-work, has been announced by BOUGUET DE LAGRYE, which commends itself on account of its simplicity and economy of cost. This consists essentially in first electroplating or otherwise coating the object with a thin layer of silver, which is then evenly coated with a colored varnish. The outline topography and lettering are then to be marked in with a dry point, as is done with a diamond in engraving upon stone. These lines are then to be etched by means of the perchloride of iron. The labor of transferring the drawing upon the plate may be greatly facilitated by the use of photography. It will be readily understood that the object of the silver coating is to secure a perfectly sharp and distinct outline after the etching has been accomplished.

An elaborate paper by DARESTE upon the origin and mode of formation of double monsters discusses the subject in all its details. He comes to the conclusion that these, among the vertebrate animals, always result from the union, or more or less complete confusion, of two embryos produced upon a single cicatricule.

Professor TYNDALL, as the official adviser of the older brethren of the Trinity House, has under their auspices investigated the audibility at great distances of fog-signals at the stations Dover and South Foreland. Fog-horns, fog-whistles, and the Siren were employed to give the signals, each being worked by a steam-engine. Artillery discharges were also employed as signals. The variation in the audibility of the sounds at distances varying from one-half of a mile to three miles was very remarkable. A sudden acoustic darkness would seem at times to settle upon the atmosphere. Days that were perfectly clear optically were sometimes the most impenetrable to sounds. Professor TYNDALL remarks that there may be states of the atmosphere associated with rain that are unfavorable to sound, but to rain itself he has never been able to trace the slightest deadening effect. On certain days of foggy weather, both over the ocean and also in the city of London, the sounds were heard with great distinctness, while immediately on the clearing away of the fog they fell to perhaps one-fourth of their intensity. In general Professor TYNDALL concludes that the reflection and refraction of sounds by a mixture of cold and warm currents in the atmosphere sufficiently explain all the phenomena observed by him, and this view is to a considerable extent confirmed by a very elegant experiment devised by his assistant, Mr. COTTRELL, who contrived an apparatus by means of which twenty-five flat layers of hydrogen are alternated with twenty-five layers of carbonic acid gas. Through this mixture of gases of different densities no sound sufficient to affect the most sensitive flames was able to pass.

An exhibition in Paris of useful insects and their products, and of the noxious insects and the nature of their depredations, already referred to in our columns, is announced to take place on the 15th of September, under the auspices of the Central Society of Agriculture and of Insectology. This is the fourth of the kind, the last having been held in 1872 in the Luxembourg Gardens.

The exhibition is to consist of two divisions, that of the useful insects (in six classes), and that of the noxious insects. In each case the species are to be shown in the several stages of larva, chrysalis, and perfect insect, and their products. The first division embraces the silk-producing insects; the second, those producing wax and honey; the third, those furnishing coloring matters; the fourth, the edible insects; the fifth, insects used in medicine; and the sixth, those used as ornaments.

The noxious insects are divided into those injurious to herbaceous plants, those hurtful to forest trees and building timber, those injurious to clothing, parasitic insects, etc.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

SEPTEMBER.

Sunday,	13.—Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Tuesday,	15.—National Conference of Unitarian Churches, Saratoga; General Convention of Universalists, New York.
Sunday,	20.—Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Monday,	21.—St. Matthew the Evangelist.
Sunday,	27.—Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.
Tuesday,	29.—St. Michael and all Angels.
Wednesday,	30.—National Congregational Council, New Haven.

OCTOBER.

Sunday,	4.—Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Tuesday,	6.—Annual Meeting of the A. B. C. F. M., Rutland, Vermont.
Wednesday,	7.—Triennial Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, New York.
Sunday,	11.—Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	18.—St. Luke the Evangelist; Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	25.—Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.
Wednesday,	28.—SS. Simon and Jude.

THE venerable THOMAS A. MORRIS, the senior bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died at his home, in Springfield, Ohio, on Wednesday, September 2, in the eighty-first year of his age. He had held the episcopal office thirty-eight years, more than thirty of which were spent in active labor. Before his election to the episcopate he had been editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*. Bishop MORRIS was distinguished for solid good sense, humor, and the quiet exercise of executive power. He was also a vigorous and racy writer.

The Baptist Convention of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island assembled in the city of St. John, Saturday, August 22. The statistical report showed that there are within the territory of the Convention 323 churches and 31,693 members. The past year has been one of unusual prosperity. Strong resolutions were adopted in favor of the maintenance of the public-school law. One resolution reads: "That in view of the avowed determination of certain organs of ultramontane opinions, in defiance of the will of the people, to effect the overthrow of the non-sectarian school systems of the maritime Provinces, as well as in view of the alleged fact that in some parts of Nova Scotia the school law of that Province is openly disobeyed, a committee be appointed to watch the proceedings of the opponents of free education, and to take such steps as may tend to the exposure and removal of abuses."

The missionary spirit is hereditary in the SCUDDER family, so well known in the history of Christian missions. The Rev. JOHN M. SCUDDER, M.D., went to Ceylon in 1819. His son, the Rev. HENRY MARTYN SCUDDER, M.D., D.D., founded the Arcot Mission in India in January, 1851. Here a work of medical relief was begun so salutary to the people that the government of India aided in its support. The grandson, HENRY MARTYN SCUDDER, Jun., M.D., sailed August 22 for India, to take charge of the hospital and dispensary at Arcot. The father of this young missionary has been since his return to the United States pastor of the Central Congregational Church of Brooklyn.

The minutes of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church for 1873 have appeared, and exhibit some very interesting facts. The entire number of persons admitted to church membership during the year ending May 1, 1874, was 36,971—more than were added in any other year since Presbyterianism had an existence in the United States. Dr. TALMAGE, of Brooklyn, is credited with the addition of 306 members to his numbers. Of the Presbyteries, that of New York is the largest contributor to the charities of the Church. The sum of its gifts is $309,174. Of this total the First Presbyterian Church, New York, gave $75,518; Dr. HALL'S, $40,336; and Dr. ADAMS'S, $30,712.

The minutes of the General Assembly of the Cumberland Presbyterians show for the year 1873 an increase of 2 Presbyteries, 65 ministers, 44 congregations, and 8949 communicants.

The law and medical departments of the Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tennessee, will open early in October; the remaining departments in October, 1875. This great school, endowed by the citizen of New York whose name it bears, will be under the direction of the Methodist Episcopal Church South.

According to the Chicago *Standard*, the Baptists are the most numerous Protestant body in that city, having 5768 communicants. The Methodists come next, with 4300 members, and the Presbyterians next.

The General Convention of the Disciples of Christ, usually known as Campbellites, will be held in Cincinnati, October 29. It will be also the twenty-fifth anniversary of their missionary organization. The "Disciples" are a numerous body in Kentucky and Indiana.

The death is announced in the English papers of Dr. CHARLES R. SUMNER, ex-Bishop of Winchester. He had reached the great age of eighty-three years, and had held the see of Winchester for forty years, having resigned it in 1869. Of his first introduction to ecclesiastical honors the *Christian World* tells this curious story: "Traveling as private tutor with the present Marquis of Conyngham, the latter became attached to a Swiss lady, beautiful but poor. The tutor communicated the fact to the parents, who had more ambitious views for their son, and who promised Mr. SUMNER that if he would only solve the difficulty by marrying the young lady himself, his future interests should not be overlooked. He acted on the suggestion, and received the reward—an introduction to court, a chaplaincy in the household of the Prince Regent, the post of royal historiographer when the Prince became King, a living at Abingdon, and a couple of canonries following each other in rapid succession." Dr. SUMNER was brother of JOHN BIRD SUMNER, late Archbishop of Canterbury.

A meeting of the Executive Committee of the Liberation Society of England has been recently held, at which it was determined to employ vigorous measures for the promotion of the disestablishment movement in Scotland. The committee call attention to the fact that the "parish ministers of Scotland are henceforth to be chosen by their congregations, but maintained by the public," and argue that this anomalous position can not be long maintained. They see in the recent Parliamentary legislation in relation to the Church of England additional evidence of "the inconvenience, the uncertainty, and the danger arising from the intervention of a legislature composed of persons of almost every variety of religious opinion in its affairs." High-Churchmen also show a strong inclination for disestablishment. The *Church Review*, one of their organs, says, "The death of the Establishment, which is of human creation, will be the life of the Church, which is of Divine."

The sixty-seventh Conference of the New Jerusalem Church in England (Swedenborgians) was held in London, August 10. There were present seventeen ministers and fifty-three lay delegates. The place of assembling was near the spot where SWEDENBORG died, March 29, 1772. The topics discussed were the New Church day schools, the college, missionary institutions, etc. The revised liturgy, which has been in hand for several years, was announced as completed, and was adopted.

We have already given a synopsis of the new Public Worship Law while it was under discussion. A summary of it, in its amended and completed form, will not be out of place: "The mode of procedure is to be by an archdeacon, church-warden, or three parishioners of one year's residence or more, and three persons residing in a diocese, making a representation, supported by a declaration of its truth, to the bishop, of the practices complained of; and if the bishop is of opinion that proceedings should not be adopted, he is to give his reasons in writing. If he considers proceedings should be adopted, he is to send a copy of the representation within twenty-one days to the person complained of, and require both parties to state whether they are willing to submit to his directions without an appeal, and if they do, he is to hear the matter and pronounce judgment. If, however, the parties do not express their willingness to submit to the bishop's directions, then he is to transmit the representation to the archbishop, who is to send the same to the judge to hear the case, and to whom, before hearing, security for costs is to be given. The person complained of is to transmit to the judge an answer to the representation, and in default of such answer to be deemed to deny the allegation. The case is to be heard in an open court on *viva voce* evidence, and the judge is to possess the powers of a court of record. The parties may appear in person or by counsel, or by proctor, attorney, or solicitor, and there is an appeal to her Majesty in Council. Obedience to a monition by a bishop or the judge is to be enforced, and the clergyman to be inhibited for three months; and if a second inhibition within three years, the preferment to become void, unless a bishop should postpone it for three months, and on such avoidance a new minister to be appointed as if the incumbent was dead."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

No lake in New England is more lovely and romantic than Lake Winnipiseogee, or, as it is often written, Winnipesaukee. Situated in the eastern part of New Hampshire, 472 feet above the level of the sea, and about four hours' ride from Boston, it has become a popular resort for tourists. The singular purity of its waters, its numerous islands, and its charming scenery have, in fact, made it a rival of Lake George. It is said there are in the lake 365 islands; but as this is the fashionable number for lakes to have nowadays, it is doubtful whether the estimate is correct. From Alton Bay, at the southern extremity of Lake Winnipiseogee, the fine steamer *Mount Washington* conveys passengers to Wolfsborough, fourteen miles, and Centre Harbor, twenty-six miles distant. The latter place is located on the northern border of the lake, and is noted for its fine scenery, as indeed are all the towns where there is both the lake and the mountain view. The hotels also are excellent. The little steamer *Lady of the Lake* plies between Weir's Bridge, Centre Harbor, and Wolfsborough. In August the Methodists held their annual camp-meeting at Weir's Bridge. The camp grounds are on the shores of the lake in view of the grandest New England scenery—mountains rising proudly in the distance, and the broad silvery lake close at hand. Excursion parties to Lake Winnipiseogee are numerous; and, starting from Boston in the morning, the trip can be pleasantly accomplished in one day, although a longer time is desirable. Many tourists on their way to or from the White Mountains take the delightful sail on Lake Winnipiseogee.

It is almost impossible to take up a newspaper without the eye falling on a paragraph with some such heading as "Melancholy Drowning Accident," "Drowned while Bathing," or "Death by Drowning." The number of casualties of this kind which have occurred during the present season is startling. In the month of July twenty-six persons were drowned in a single county in New Jersey; and during August almost every day brought the report of boats capsized, bathers going beyond their depth, and death resulting.

"The postage stamp," remarks an exchange, "was born in London on January 10, 1840." The following curious incident is said to have originated the idea of postage stamps. About forty years ago a postman stopped at the door of an inn, somewhere in the north of England, to deliver a letter. A young girl came out to receive it, but as she turned it over in her hand she asked the postage, and on learning that it was a shilling, she returned it, saying that she had no money. A traveler—Mr. Rowland Hill—who was at the inn, having a kind heart, offered to pay the shilling, and, in spite of the objections of the young girl, did so. As soon as the postman had gone the girl confessed to the traveler that they were so poor that she and her brother had an understanding between themselves: some signs marked on the envelope told her what she most wanted to know, but the letter contained no writing. The traveler, while continuing his journey, planned to organize a new postal system which would not impose such burdens on the poor nor encourage frauds. His plans were adopted by the English government in January, 1840; and ten years later the number of letters passing through the Post-office annually had increased from 1,500,000 to 7,239,962.

A guest on board the *City of Peking* during its recent excursion to Newport speaks of the trip "by the second largest steamer in the world, to the finest watering-place of America, with the chief of the nation to head the passenger list, and at the pleasantest month in the year, the August moon at its full, as an experience never to be forgotten and scarcely to be surpassed."

The Metropolitan Museum of Art is well patronized —especially on the days when it is *free* to the public. In the late report it is stated that more than four thousand persons visited it on one of the free days.

Scottish sportsmen complain that grouse are extremely scarce this year. In fact, the shooting season is quite a failure. Incessant and heavy rains have saturated the soil with water, and converted the elastic heather into a spongy bog, over which it is exhausting to travel. Sportsmen mourn over empty bags.

The Cork *Examiner* has the following item:

"Residents of Cork and Queenstown can hardly fail to recollect that last year there lay in our waters a handsome steam-yacht, schooner-rigged, called the *Nora Creina*, belonging to the late Captain Nolan. This yacht he sold before his death (about last Christmas, we believe), and it was known that it was purchased for Madame Bazaine, the wife of the marshal. In all probability this was the steamer in which the marshal's escape was effected."

Baron Anselm de Rothschild left none of his immense fortune to his daughters. Fortunately each of them is already wealthy.

The whole republic of Chili has suffered from a terrible rain-fall. It has exceeded any thing on record in that country. Towns were inundated by overflowing rivers, roads submerged, and bridges swept away.

The pair of laughing kingfishers on exhibition in the Central Park Menagerie are the only living specimens in the United States at the present time.

Six giraffes have just been received at the Garden of Acclimation in Paris, the oldest being only three years of age. This animal is becoming more and more rare, and is no longer found except in a small canton of Abyssinia. They are quite wild there, and all attempts to domesticate them in that country have failed; yet, strangely enough, they are easily tamed in Europe.

Invisible photographs of the Prince Imperial have been seized by the Paris police. Nothing is to be seen on the card until it is plunged into a basin of cold water, when a likeness of Napoleon IV. appears to gladden the hearts of his adherents.

Fifty English architects have gone to France to study the ecclesiastical architecture of the Middle Ages.

In the public schools of London elementary music is being taught with great success.

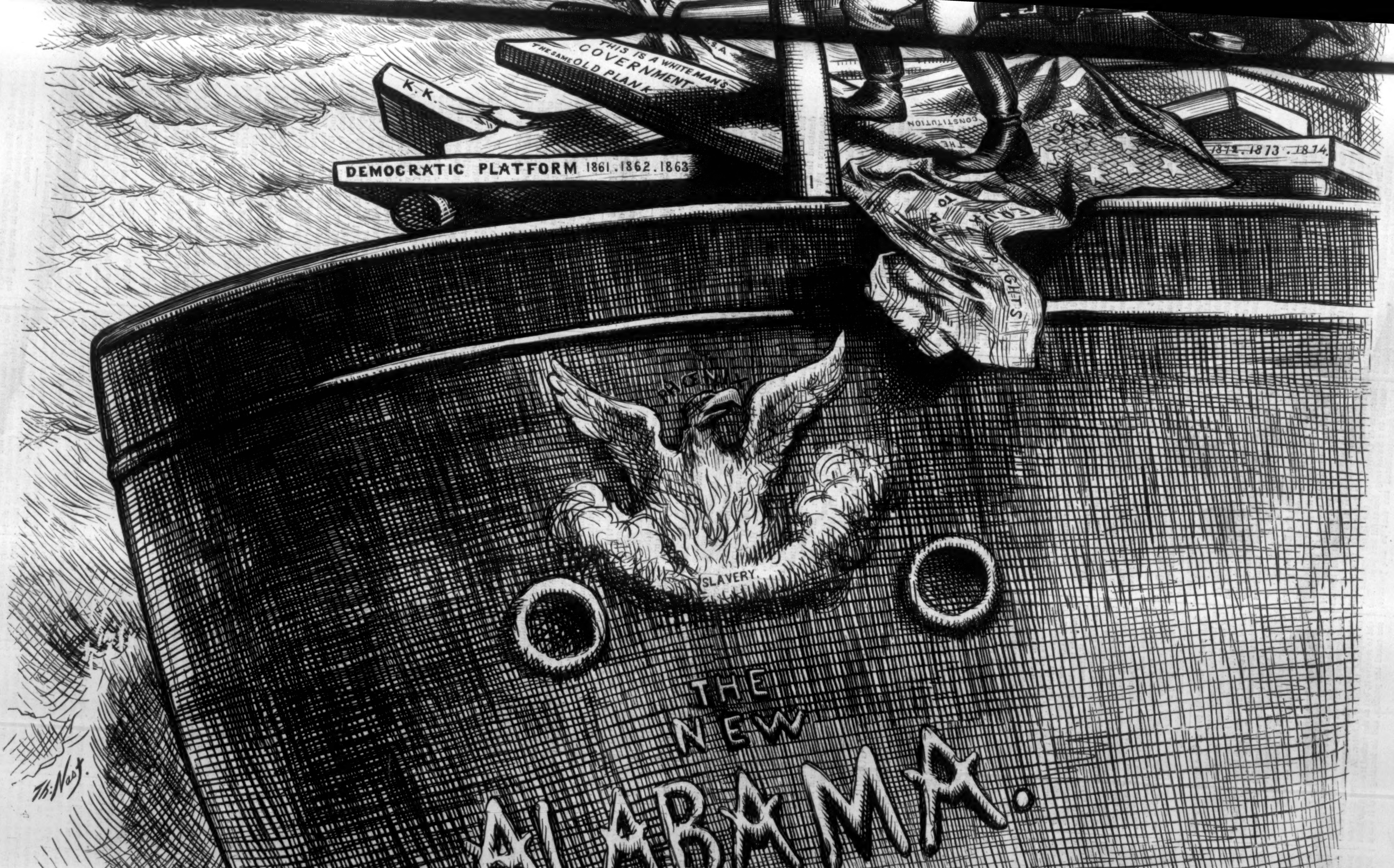
To be an eligible member of the Fat Men's Association it is necessary to weigh at least two hundred pounds. At the eighth annual clam-bake of this association, which took place the last week in August, at Gregory's Point, near Norwalk, Connecticut, every body was weighed. A gentleman from Waterbury, Connecticut, aged twenty-two, and weighing three hundred and sixty-nine pounds, was chosen president of the society for the ensuing year, while a three hundred and fifteen pounder was installed vice-president, with ten associates of almost equal bulk.

Coggia—the man, not the celestial visitor of a few weeks ago—discovered another comet on August 20. It is situated about five degrees northeast of the seven stars in Taurus. It has no tail, though some astronomers think there are indications of an effort to develop one!

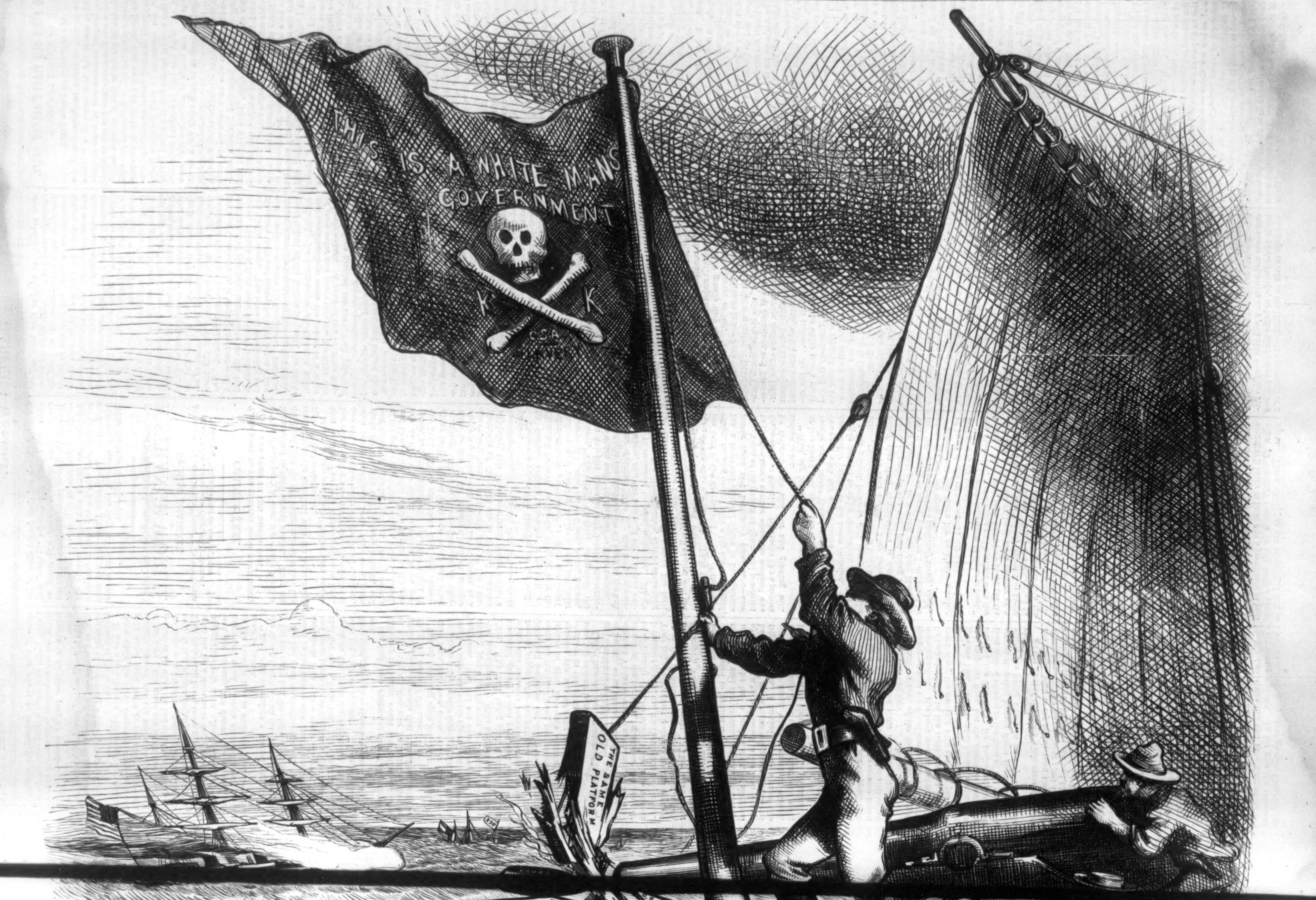
Swimming seems to be natural to Johnson, the English champion, who won the recent race in Pleasure Bay. It will be remembered by many that he undertook the wonderful task of swimming across the Channel from the English to the French coast. He has always insisted that he could have done this without injury had he been allowed; but the physician who watched him from the attending steamer interfered, and caused him to be taken from the water. Johnson appears perfectly at home in the water—decidedly fish-like in the ease and rapidity of his motions.

In Iceland the women receive exactly the same book education that the men do. There are no schools, as familes live far apart; but fathers teach their sons and daughters alike, and the girl becomes as learned as her brother. Few accomplishments are possible among them.

A military gentleman of a Jersey city, whom we will simply designate as "Colonel," was recently married, after an extraordinary courtship, which happened in this wise: A widow lady possessing a fine horse moved to Trenton. The Colonel saw and desired to possess—the horse. The fair owner would not part with the animal. The Colonel reflected, and concluded that he must possess both horse and lady. In three weeks they were engaged to be married. Two days before the wedding the Colonel filled a carriage with choice flowers, and with his intended visited the grave of his former wife—we forgot to say he was a widower—and tastefully decorated it. The next day in like manner they visited another cemetery, where they handsomely decked the grave of the lady's dead husband; and after having made these appropriate peace-offerings to the manes of their departed loves, they were next day married, and started upon their happy wedding tour.


THIS IS A WHITE MAN'S GOVERNMENT
THE SAME OLD PLANK
K.K.
DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM 1861.1862.1863
THE CONSTITUTION
EQUAL RIGHTS TO ALL
1872.1873.1874
SLAVERY
THE NEW ALABAMA.
Th. Nast.

THE SAME OLD PIRATE AFLOAT AGAIN.—[See Page 778.]


THIS IS A WHITE MANS GOVERNMENT
K K K
C.S.A.
THE SAME OLD PLATFORM

THE SAME OLD PIRATE AFLOAT AGAIN.

By EUGENE LAWRENCE.

[See Illustration on Double Page.]

The revival, or rather re-appearance, of the Ku-Klux under the new name of a "White Man's League" indicates one of those dangers to which our free institutions are yet exposed. There can be no doubt that a disunion faction has always since the fall of Richmond prevailed at the South, that men like Toombs, who proclaim openly that they hate the national government, are numerous in every Southern State, and that nothing but the fear of a united North, East, and West has held in outward subjection to the law the bands of marauders who have pledged themselves to each other for a secret aim. Heretofore they have contented themselves with assassinating or driving from their midst all white Republicans who have ventured to settle among them, have persecuted Northern immigrants as "carpet-baggers," have whipped and branded innocent school-teachers, and inflicted horrible outrages in the negro cabin. The lenient North has looked on patiently while its citizens have been denied in Georgia, Alabama, or Texas the security of life and property promised them by the Constitution, and are robbed and murdered at will. Georgia, the rebel leader Toombs declares, is already free. In Georgia white Republicans and colored voters have been shot down at the polls, and the White Man's League is gradually driving from the State all who resist its treasonable policy. It is far the wiser part to look upon the actual truth of our political condition, and it is safe to say that the desperate faction which now overawes the loyal citizens of Georgia has fairly brought it into direct hostility to the laws of the Union.

But the Georgians, it seems, are not content with establishing their own independence. They have recently invaded South Carolina with a military force. South Carolina has always since 1865 been a stronghold of loyalty in the South. Its colored population have clung to the Union as their only source of safety. The White Man's League and the Ku-Klux, after inflicting fearful outrages upon them, had apparently been wholly suppressed. Life and property have until recently been safe in the State. The strongest Union man, who across the Savannah River would have been treated as an outlaw, has been secure under the friendly rule of the colored population of South Carolina. But this condition of affairs exists no longer. A white man's party has been formed in the State. Its members proclaim their determination to seize upon the control of the government, and set South Carolina free from the rule of the "infamous" administration at Washington. At Ridge Spring recently troops from Georgia aided the South Carolinian Ku-Klux in a fierce foray upon the white and colored Republicans. Augusta sent its militia across the Savannah to massacre if necessary the people. No mercy, we may be sure, was to be shown to the Unionists. The Georgia "Tigers" were chiefly anxious to capture the white political leaders, but they had escaped. Every where, we are told, the colored population fled, terrified and cowed, from the valorous Georgians, who, in the heat of victory, proclaimed South Carolina free. Murder and riot follow every where the track of the white man's party, and no Union man in South Carolina can any longer feel secure from the Georgia assassins.

In Alabama we are assured from private and public sources that the Ku-Klux have never been suppressed. In many counties since the close of the war Union men have been afraid to venture, their property has been torn from them, and their lives threatened. No Northern man dares to enter these Democratic strongholds unless he is ready to sacrifice his conscience and his manhood to the desperate faction who rule by terror and bloodshed. From one private source we are told that "Clark County has been in a state of rebellion since the war, and is no more in the Union to-day than it was in 1862." Republicans are warned by the Ku-Klux to leave the State, and death is the penalty of disobedience. In Sumter County it is publicly stated that one hundred Republicans have been murdered by the Democrats since the war. And recently Walter P. Billings, a rising politician, who was born in New York, and has, while a resident of Alabama, never concealed his Republicanism and his loyalty to the Union, was shot down by the concealed assassins of the white man's party. He had been attending a Republican meeting, and had spoken. The negroes warned him that the "Democrats" meant to kill him. But he set out in the night for his home, and the next morning his body was found lying at the roadside, pierced by fifteen buckshot. His horse lay dead beside him. He was only a quarter of a mile from his home. The report of the guns was heard by his family, and even his last dying wail. They thought, however, that it was the noise of hunters in pursuit of game. In Alabama it seems the sportsmen are Democrats, and their game Northern men and Republicans.

Louisiana too boasts its white man's party. Under the name of the Knights of the White Camellia, and various other chivalric titles, the Ku-Klux began their outrages in that State soon after the war. White Republicans were beaten or murdered, teachers driven from their schools, the colored population treated with such indignities as no part of the civilized world can parallel; and at last the series of outrages ended in the massacre of Grant Parish, where sixty or seventy Republicans, who had done no wrong, were burned to death in the court-house by the Louisiana Democrats. The general indignation excited throughout the country by this terrible deed seems for a time to have checked the ardor of the white man's party. The assassins were even threatened with punishment, some of them were arrested, but whether they have suffered the proper penalty of their crime we do not know. The white man's party has revived; the Ku-Klux outrages are renewed; but they are no longer hidden under the shades of night, with masks and secret pass-words. Armed patrols, it seems, ride over the country to prevent the negroes from attending political meetings or exercising their rights as citizens. When a colored politician is discovered, the "Leaguers" shoot him in the open day. "Two of them," we are told, "were going home from church, and a third was riding in a wagon with other men, when he was taken out and shot." The three were murdered together, and their companions forbidden to tell who the assassins were, under a threat of certain death should they do so. It is plain that the Louisiana Democrats have a speedy means of decreasing the Republican vote. Yet still more horrible is the latest Louisiana massacre. The town of Coushatta is, it seems, the centre of a settlement of Northern immigrants on the Red River. Some of them were formerly soldiers in the Union army. The town is flourishing, and Northern thrift and enterprise have begun a new and prosperous career for Louisiana. But Coushatta, naturally Republican, has excited the intense hatred of the lawless people of the neighborhood. Its court-house, school-house, mills, and machine-shops seem the omens of a reign of good order and peace that the Ku-Klux can scarcely endure. A band of two or three hundred ruffians invaded the town, took prisoners the tax collector, deputy-postmaster, United States commissioner, several other officials, and a number of colored citizens, and lodged them in prison upon some preposterous accusation. Another band of outlaws, "supposed to be Texans," took them from the jail and shot them in the woods. So grave and desperate an outrage as the murder of State and United States officials will probably be followed by something more than an "investigation." Tennessee and Kentucky are disgraced by a series of not dissimilar crimes. In the former, fourteen innocent negroes are the latest victims of the merciless rebels. The white man's party has thrown off all disguise. Its favorite victims are Northern emigrants, native white and colored Republicans, and every man who dares to proclaim his devotion to the Union. But will the Free States any longer permit their citizens who may settle in Georgia or Alabama to die in the cause of Union unavenged? Will New York, will the great Northwest, suffer the reign of lawlessness and crime to spread over the whole South? Can not Southern politicians see that they are awakening a spirit of retaliation that may bring upon them a speedy and terrible punishment?

The Democratic leaders of the Northern States are responsible for the enormities of their Southern allies. It is in the cause of a "so-called" Democracy that all these crimes are committed. Unhappily the recent elections in several of the Northern States have placed in office men who were known as pro-slavery Democrats during the war, and the white man's party at the South evidently believe that Ohio and Connecticut are prepared to countenance any crimes that will secure a Democratic majority in Louisiana or South Carolina. How greatly they are deceived they will no doubt discover at last. There are not many native-born citizens in any Free State who do not burn to punish the murderers of Billings, the Georgia "Tigers" who invaded South Carolina, or the miscreants of Louisiana and Tennessee. But it is to the corrupt leaders of the Democratic party that the country owes this constant insubordination at the South, which has suffered it for ten years to find no repose. At the approach of every election the white man's party has begun its outrages, and Tammany Hall and all the Democratic press have rejoiced over the murder of carpet-baggers, as they call all Northern settlers in the South, and the immense "Democratic" majorities rolled up in Georgia or Kentucky by the terrors of the Ku-Klux. Tammany Hall, which has long been an Irish Catholic club, and the tool of the foreign priesthood, has small sympathy with the brave school-masters who have been whipped and tortured in Texas as "carpet-baggers," or the conscientious Republicans who have suffered in all parts of the South for defending the common rights of man. Its leaders have always been the natural allies of the Ku-Klux. In 1868 Tweed, Sweeny, and Hall were in friendly league with the worst of the chiefs of the white man's party, and, amidst bloodshed and disorder, hoped to win the control of the South. In 1872 their natural successors, Wood, Morrissey, Fellows, Kelly, and the whole Roman Catholic faction, led by the *Catholic Telegraph*, of Cincinnati, were once more found allied with the murderers of Grant Parish and the Ku-Klux of New Orleans. Every one remembers the cry of exultation from the whole Irish and Democratic faction when Georgia, bleeding and hopeless, was made to give sixty thousand majority for the unhappy Greeley, and sank down into slavery again under the lash of Toombs. In 1874 the allies are once more exultant. Tammany Hall and the Irish faction prepare to seize upon New York; the whole Roman Catholic population will be driven by the priests and bishops to vote for the Democratic candidates; the Cincinnati *Telegraph* and the papal prelates have already won a victory over the common schools in Ohio by threats and denunciations to their abject people; and all over the South their allies of the white man's party have begun anew their career of terrorism and bloodshed. A conspiracy has again been inaugurated by priests and rebels against knowledge, liberty, and union. But we believe it will fail, as all such conspiracies have always done. The people are already preparing to encounter and overthrow their old enemies. With enormous majorities they will rise, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, to baffle the foreign prelates who hope to rule in the North—the servants of a tyrannical Church and their fearful allies of the white man's party, the Georgia "Tigers" and the Louisiana chivalry. They will guard as jealously the lives of peaceful citizens among the savages of Alabama as if it were in Borneo or Ashantee, and punish with signal severity the murderous crew who are the pests of Southern civilization. The piratical Democracy may gain temporary successes, but they will sink at last before the rage of the people.

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A STRANGE WORLD.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "Taken at the Flood," "To the Bitter End," "Strangers and Pilgrims," "Aurora Floyd," "The Lovels of Arden," etc.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"AND SOME TO THE SETTING MOON HAVE GONE,
AND SOME TO THE RISING DAY."

The dinner-party is over, the county families have retired to their several abodes. They are dispersed, like the soft summer mist which has melted from the moorland with the broadening light of the harvest-moon.

Madge, Viola, and Lady Cheshunt are assembled in Mrs. Penwyn's dressing-room, a long, low room, with a wide and deep bow-window at one end, and three other old-fashioned windows, with broad cushioned seats therein—a room made for lounging and pleasant idleness, and half hours with the best authors. Every variety of the genus easy-chair is there, chintz-covered, and blossoming with all the flowers of the garden, as they only bloom in chintz, large, gorgeous, and unaffected with aphids or blight of any kind. There are tables here and there—gypsy tables, loaded with new books and other trumpery. There is a large Duchesse dressing-table in one of the windows, and an antique ebony wardrobe, with richly carved doors, in a convenient recess; but baths and all the paraphernalia of the toilet are in a small chamber adjoining, this large apartment being rather a morning-room, or boudoir, than dressing-room proper.

There are water-color sketches on the walls, by famous modern masters; a portrait of Churchill Penwyn, in crayon, hanging over the velvet-covered mantel-board; there are dwarf book-cases containing Madge's own particular library—the poets, old and new, Scott, Bulwer, Dickens, Thackeray, Carlyle; altogether the room has just those homely lovable characteristics which make rooms dear to their owners.

To-night the windows are all open to the soft summer coolness. The day has been oppressively warm, and the breath of night brings welcome refreshment to jaded humanity. Madge sits before her dressing-table, slowly unclasping her jewels as she talks. Her maid has been dismissed for the night, Mrs. Penwyn being in no wise dependent on her Abigail's help; and the jewel-case, with its dark velvet lining, stands open on the wide marble slab. Lady Cheshunt lies back in the deepest and softest of the easy-chairs, fanning herself with a big black and gold fan, a large and splendid figure in her lustrous amber satin and hereditary point lace—lace which one of the queens of Spain had presented to the dowager's mother when her husband was embassador at Madrid. She looks like a picture by Rubens, large and fair and glowing with richest color.

"Well, my love, all dinner-parties are more or less heavy, but upon the whole your country people were better than I expected," said the dowager, with her authoritative air. "I have seen duller parties in the home counties. Your people seemed to enjoy themselves, and that is a point gained, however dull their talk of the births, marriages, and deaths of their belongings might be to *nous autres*. They have a placid belief that their conversation is entertaining, which is perhaps the next best thing to being really amusing. In a word, my dear Madge, I was not nearly so much bored as I expected to be. Those diamonds are positively lovely, child; where did you get them?"

Madge had just taken her necklace—a string of large single stones—from her neck, and was laying it in its velvet nest.

"They are heir-looms, some of them at least," she answered, "and came to Churchill with the estate. They have been locked up in an old tin cash-box at the county bank for a quarter of a century, I believe, and nobody seemed to know any thing about them. They are described in the old Squire's will as 'sundry jewels in a tin box at the bank.' Churchill had the stones re-set, and bought a good many more to complete the set."

"Well, my dear, they are worthy of a duchess. I hope you are careful of them."

"I don't think it is in Madge's nature to be careful of any thing, now she is rich," said Viola. "She was thoughtful and saving enough when we lived with poor papa, and when it was such a hard struggle to keep out of debt. But now she has plenty of money, she scatters it right and left, and is perpetually enjoying the luxury of giving."

"But I am not careless about my diamonds, Viola. Mills will come presently and carry off this box to the iron safe in the plate-room."

"I never believed much in plate-rooms," said Lady Cheshunt. "A plate-room with its iron door is a kind of invitation to burglars. It tells them where the riches of the house are concentrated. When I am in other people's houses I generally keep my jewel-case on my dressing-table, but I take care to have it labeled 'gloves,' and that it looks as little like a jewel-case as possible. I wouldn't trust it in any body's plate-room. There, child, you are yawning, I see, in spite of your efforts to conceal the operation. Come, Viola, your sister is tired after the mental strain she has undergone in pretending to be interested in all those people's innumerable relations."

The ladies kissed and parted, with much affection, and Madge was left alone to sit by her dressing-table in a dreamy attitude, forgetful of the lateness of the hour.

It was a sad thought which kept her musing there while the night deepened, and the broad gold moon sank lower in the placid sky—she thought that all was not well with the husband of her love. She could not forget that look and gesture of his when she had questioned him about his faith as a Christian, nothing fearing his answer to that solemn inquiry when she asked it. That darkening brow, those gloomy eyes turned upon her for a moment in anger or in pain, had haunted her ever since. Not a Christian!—her love, her idolatry, the dearer half of soul and heart and mind. Death assumed new terrors in the thought that in worlds beyond they two must be parted.

"Rather let us endure a mutual purgation," she thought, with a wish that was half a prayer. "Let me carry half the share of his sins."

He had gone to church with her, he had assisted in the service with grave attention, nay, sometimes even with a touch of fervor, but he had never taken the sacrament. That had troubled her not a little, but when she ventured to speak to him upon the subject he had replied with the common argument, "I do not feel my faith strong enough to share in so exalted a mystery."

She had been content to accept this reason, believing that time would strengthen his faith in holy things. But now he had told her in hardest, plainest words that he had no claim to the grand name of Christian.

She sat brooding upon this bitter thought for some time, then rose, changed her dinner dress for a loose white muslin dressing-gown, and went into her bedroom, which opened out of the dressing-room. She had not once thought of those earthly jewels in the open box on the table, or even wondered why Mills had not come to fetch them. The truth being that, distracted by the abnormal gayety which prevailed below stairs, where the servants regaled themselves with a festival supper after the patrician banquet, Miss Mills had forgotten her duties so far as to become for the time being unconscious of the existence of Mrs. Penwyn's diamonds. At this moment she was sleeping comfortably in her chamber in the upper story, and the diamonds were left to their fate.

Lady Cheshunt was accustomed to late hours, and considered midnight the most agreeable part of her day, so on leaving Madge's dressing-room, she took Viola to her own apartment, at the other end of the corridor, for another half hour or so of friendly chat, to which Viola, who was an inveterate gossip, had not the slightest objection. They talked over every body's dress and appearance, the discussion generally ending in a verdict of "guy," or "fright." They talked over Churchill, Viola praising him enthusiastically, Lady Cheshunt good-naturedly allowing that she had been mistaken in him.

"He used to remind me of Mephistopheles, my dear," said the vivacious matron. "I don't mean that he had a hooked nose, or diagonal eyebrows, or a cock's feather in his hat; but he had a look of secret repressed power that almost frightened me. I fancied he was a man who could do any thing, whether great or wicked, by the sovereign force of his intellect and will; but that was before his cousin died. Wealth has improved him wonderfully."

At last a clock in the corridor struck one. Viola gave a little scream of surprise, kissed her dear Lady Cheshunt, for the twentieth time that night, and tripped away. She had gone half-way down the corridor when she stopped, startled by a sight that moved her to scream louder than she had done just now at the striking of the clock, had not some instinctive feeling of caution checked her.

A man—a man of the vagabond or burglar species—was in the act of leaving Mrs. Penwyn's dressing-room. His back was turned to Viola; he looked neither to the right nor the left, but crept along the corridor with stealthy yet rapid footsteps. Viola paused not a moment ere she pursued him. Her footfall hardly sounded on the carpeted floor, but the flutter of her dress startled the intruder. He looked at her, and then dashed onward to the head of the staircase, almost throwing himself down the shallow oak stairs, the flying figure in its airy white robe closely pursuing him.

At the head of the stairs Viola essayed to give the alarm, with a cry which rang through the silent house. She was gaining upon the thief. At the bottom of the stairs she had him in her grasp, the two small hands clutching his greasy velveteen collar.

He turned round upon her with a fierce oath, would have struck her to the ground, perhaps, and marred her delicate beauty forever with one blow of his iron fist, had not the billiard-room door opened suddenly and Mr. Penwyn appeared, Sir Lewis Dallas, a visitor staying in the house, at his elbow.

"What is the matter? Who is this man?" cried Churchill, while he and Sir Lewis hastened to Viola's side, and drew her away from the ruffian.

"A thief, a burglar!" gasped the excited girl. "I saw him coming out of my sister's dressing-room. He has murdered her, perhaps. Oh, do go and see if she is safe, Churchill."

"Hold him, Lewis," cried Churchill, and ran up stairs without another word.

Sir Lewis was tall and muscular, an athlete by nature and art. In his grip the marauder waited submissively enough till Churchill returned, breathless, but relieved in his mind. Madge was safe—Madge did not even know that there was any thing amiss.

"Thanks, Lewis," he said, quietly, taking the intruder from his friend's hand as coolly as if he had been some piece of lumber.

"Go up stairs to your room, Vio, and sleep soundly for the rest of the night," added Churchill to his sister-in-law. "I'll compliment you on your prowess to-morrow morning."

"I don't think I could go to bed," said Viola, shuddering. "There may be more burglars about the house. I feel as if it was swarming with them, like the beetles Mills talks about in the kitchen."

"Nonsense, child. The fellow has no companions. Perhaps you'd be kind enough to see my sister as far as the end of the corridor, Lewis?"

"Oh no," cried Viola, quickly. "Indeed, I'm not frightened. I don't want any escort;" and she ran up stairs so fast that Sir Lewis lost his opportunity of saying something sweet at the end of the corridor. His devotion to the pretty Miss Bellingham was notorious, and Viola apprehended some soft speech, perhaps a gentle pressure of her hand, a fervid assurance that no peril should come near her while he watched beneath that roof. And the portionless daughter of Sir Nugent Bellingham was not wise enough in her generation to encourage this wealthy young baronet.

"Now you, Sir, go in there," said Churchill, pushing the gypsy into his study. "You needn't wait, Lewis, I can tackle this fellow single-handed."

"No, I can't let you do that. He may have a knife about him."

"If he has, I don't think he'll try it upon me. I brought this from my dressing-room just now."

He pointed to the polished butt of a revolver lurking in the breast pocket of his smoking-coat.

"Well, I'll smoke a cigar in the billiard-room while you hold your parley with him. I shall be within call."

Sir Lewis retired to enjoy his cigar, and Churchill went into his study. He found that the burglar had availed himself of this momentary delay, and was beginning to unfasten the shutters.

"What? You'd like to get out that way," said the Squire. "Not till you and I have had our talk together. Let go that shutter, if you please, while I light the lamp."

He struck a wax match, and lighted a shaded reading-lamp that stood on the table.

"Now," he said, calmly, "be good enough to sit down in that chair while I overhaul your pockets."

"There's nothing in my pockets," growled Paul, prepared for resistance.

"Isn't there? Then you can't object to have them emptied. You'd better not be needlessly objective. I've an argument here that you'll hardly resist"—showing the pistol—"and my friend who grappled you just now is ready to stand by me."

The man made no further resistance. Churchill turned out the greasy linings of his pockets, but produced nothing except loose shreds of tobacco and various scraps of rubbish. He felt inside the vagabond's loose shirt, thinking that he might have hidden his booty in his bosom, but with no result. A cunning smile curled the corners of the scoundrel's lips—a smile that told Churchill to persist in his search.

"Come," he said, "you've some of my wife's diamonds about you. I saw the case open, and half empty. You were not in that room for nothing. You shall strip to your skin, my man. But first, off with that neckerchief of yours."

The man looked at him vengefully, eyed the pistol in his captor's hand, weighed the forces against him, and then slowly and sullenly untied the rusty black silk handkerchief which encircled his brawny throat, and threw it on the table. Something inside the handkerchief struck sharply on the wood.

"I thought as much," said Churchill.

He untwisted the greasy wisp of silk, whereupon his wife's collet necklace and the large single stones she wore in her ears fell upon the table. Churchill put the gems into his pocket without a word.

"Is that all?" he asked.

"Yes," the man answered, with an oath.

Churchill looked at him keenly. "You will go straight from here to jail," he said; "so concealment wouldn't serve you much. You are a gypsy, I think?"

"I am."

"What brought you here to-night?"

"I came to see a relation."

"Here, on these premises?"

"At the lodge. The woman you've chosen for your lodge-keeper is my mother."

"Rebecca Mason?"

"Yes."

Churchill took a turn or two up and down the room, thoughtfully.

"Since you've been so uncommonly kind to her, perhaps you'll strain a point in my favor," said the gypsy. "I shouldn't have tried to rob you if I hadn't been driven to it by starvation. It goes hard with a man when he has a wolf gnawing his vitals, and stands outside an open window and sees a lot of women with thousands of pounds on their necks, in the shape of blessed gems that do no more real good to any one than the beads our women bedizen themselves with. And then he sees the blessed old ivy roots are thick enough to serve for a ladder, and the windows up stairs left open, and handy for him to walk inside. That's what I call temptation. Perhaps you were outside the good things of this world at some time of your life, and can feel for a poor wretch like me."

"I have known poverty," answered Churchill, wondrously forbearing toward this vagrant, "and endured it."

"Yes, but you hadn't to endure it forever. Fortune was kind to you. It isn't often a man drops into such a berth as this by a fluke. You've got your property, and you may as well let me off easily for my mother's sake."

"You don't suppose your mother is more to me than any other servant in my employ?" said Churchill, turning upon him sharply.

"Yes, I do. You wouldn't go to the gypsy tents for a servant unless you had your reasons. What should have brought you to Eborsham to hunt for a lodge-keeper?"

The mention of that fatal city startled Churchill. Seldom was that name uttered in his hearing. It was among things tabooed.

"I'm sorry I can't oblige you by condoning a felony," he said, in his most tranquil manner. "As justice of the peace any sentimentality on my part would be somewhat out of character. The utmost I can do for you is to get the case heard without delay. You may anticipate the privilege of being committed for trial at the petty sessions to-morrow at noon."

He left the room without another word, and locked the door on his prisoner. The lock was good, and in excellent order, the door one of those ponderous portals only to be found in old manor-houses and their like.

But Mr. Penwyn seemed to have forgotten the window, which was only guarded on the inside. He had shut one side of a trap, ignoring the possibility of escape on the other.

He looked into the billiard-room before he went up stairs. Sir Lewis Dallas had finished his cigar and was slumbering peacefully, stretched at full length on one of the divans, like an uninterested member of the House of Commons.

"He's nearly as well off there as in his room, so I won't interrupt his dreams," thought Churchill as he retired.

That shriek of Viola's ha[illegible]akened several of the household. Mills had heard it, and had descended half dressed to the corridor, in time to meet Miss Bellingham on her way up stairs, and to hear the history of the gypsy's attempt from that young lady. Mills had taken the news back to the drowsy house-maids—had further communicated it to the startled footman, who looked out of his half-open door to ask what was the row. Thus by the time the household began to be astir again, between five and six next morning, every body knew more or less about the attempted robbery.

"What have they done with the robber?" asked the maids and the odd man and boot-cleaner, who alone among the masculine retainers condescended to rise at this early hour.

"I think he must be shut up in master's study," answered one of the women, whose duty it was to open the house; "for the door's locked, and I couldn't get in."

"Did you hear any body inside?" asked the cook, with keen interest.

"Not a sound. He must be asleep, I suppose."

"The hardened villain! To think that he can sleep, with such a conscience as his, and the likelihood of being sent to Botany Bay in a week or two!"

"Botany Bay has been done away with," said the odd man, who read the newspapers. "They'll send him no further than Dartmoor."

CHAPTER XXXII.

O HEAVEN! THAT ONE MIGHT READ THE BOOK OF FATE.

CHURCHILL PENWYN looked something the worse for that half hour's excitement after midnight when the Manor-house party assembled at breakfast, between eight and nine next morning. The days began early at Penwyn, and only Lady Cheshunt was guilty of that social malingering involved in a chronic headache, which prevented her appearing on the dewy side of noon. Perhaps Mr. Penwyn's duties as host during the previous evening might have fatigued him a little. He had a weary look in that bright morning sunshine—a look of unrest, as of one who had slept hardly at all in the night hours. Madge glanced at him every now and then with but half-concealed anxiety. Every change, were it ever so slight, in that one beloved face was visible to her.

"I hope last night's business has not worried you, love," she said, tenderly, making some excuse for carrying him his breakfast cup with her own hands. "The diamonds are safe, and no doubt the man will be properly punished for his audacity."

Churchill had told her all about the attempted robbery in his clear, passionless way, but not a word of that interview in the study between gentleman and vagabond. Madge, merciful to all innocent sufferers, had no sentimental compassion for this frustrated burglar, but desired that he should be duly punished for his crime.

"I am not particularly worried, dear. It was rather an unpleasant ending to a pleasant evening, that is all."

They were still seated at the breakfast-table, and Sir Lewis Dallas was still listening with rapt attention to Viola's account of her feelings at the sight of the thief, when the butler, who had left the room a few minutes before in compliance with a whispered request from his subordinate, entered, solemn of aspect, and full of that self-importance common to the craft.

"The man has been taken again, Sir, and is in the village lock-up," he announced to his master.

Churchill rose hastily.

"Taken again! What do you mean? I left him locked up in my study at two o'clock this morning."

"Yes, Sir, but he unfastened the shutters and got out of the window, and would have got clean off, I dare say, if Tyrrel, the gamekeeper, and his son hadn't been about with a couple of dogs on the look-out for poachers. The dogs smelled him out just as he was getting over the fence in the pine wood, and the Tyrrels collared him, and took him off to the lock-up then and there. He fought hard, Tyrrel says, and would have been almost a match for the two of 'em, if it hadn't been for the dogs. They turned the scale," concluded the butler, grandly.

"Imagine the fellow so nearly getting off!" exclaimed Sir Lewis. "I wonder it didn't strike you that he would get out at the window, Penwyn. You locked the door, and thought you had him safe. Something like the painter fellow who went in for the feline species, and cut two holes in his studio door, a big one for his cat, and a little one for her kitten, forgetting that the little cat could have got through the big cat's door. That's the way with you clever men; you're seldom up to trap in trifles."

"Rather stupid of me, I confess," said Churchill, "but I suppose I was a little obfuscated by the whole business. One hasn't a burglar on one's hands every night in the week. However," he added, slowly, "he's safe in the lock-up; that's the grand point, and I shall have the pleasure of assisting at his official examination at twelve o'clock."

"Are the petty sessions on to-day?" asked Sir Lewis, warmly interested. "How jolly!"

"You don't mean to say that you take any interest in that sort of twaddle?" said Churchill.

"Any thing in the way of crime is interesting to me," replied the young man; "and to assist at the examination of the ruffian who frightened Miss Bellingham will be rapture. I only regret that the old hanging laws are repealed."

"I don't feel quite so unmerciful as that," said Madge, "but I should like the man to be punished, if it were only as an example. It isn't nice to lose the sense of security in one's own house, to be afraid to open one's window after dark, and to feel that there may be a burglar lurking in every corner."

"And to know that your burglar is your undeveloped assassin," added Sir Lewis. "I've no doubt that scoundrel would have tried to murder us both last night if it hadn't been for my biceps and Churchill's revolver."

The breakfast party slowly dispersed, some to the grounds, some to the billiard-room. Every one had letters to write, or some duty to perform, but no one felt in the cue for performance. Nor could any body talk of any thing except the burglar, Viola's courage, Churchill's coolness in the hour of peril, and carelessness in the matter of the shutters. Lady Cheshunt required to have bulletins carried to her periodically, while she sipped orange Pekoe in the luxurious retirement of an Arabian bed.

Thus the morning wore on till half past eleven, at which time the carriage was ordered to convey Mrs. Penwyn, Miss Bellingham, and Sir Lewis Dallas to the village inn, attached whereto was the justices' room, where Mr. Penwyn and his brother magistrate, or magistrates, were to meet in solemn assembly.

Viola and Sir Lewis were wanted as witnesses. Mrs. Penwyn went ostensibly to take care of her sister, but really because she was acutely anxious to see the result of the morning's work. That look of secret care in her husband's face had disturbed her. Looks which for the world at large meant nothing had their language for her. She had studied every line of that face, knew its lights and shadows by heart.

The day was lovely, another perfect August day. The shining faces of the reapers turned toward them as they drove past the golden fields, sun-browned and dewy with labor's honorable sweat. All earth was gay and glad. Madge Penwyn looked at this fair world sadly, heavy with a vague sense of secret care. The skylark sang his thrilling joy notes high up in the blue vault that arched these golden lands, and the note of rapture jarred upon the wife's ear.

"I'm afraid we have been too happy, Churchill and I," she thought, and then recalled a line of Hood's, full of sweetest pathos:

> "For there is e'en a happiness
> That makes the heart afraid."

They had been utterly happy only a little while ago, but since that confession of Churchill's the wife's heart had been burdened with a secret grief. And to-day she felt that hidden care keenly. Something in her husband's manner had suggested concealed anxieties, fears, cares, which he could not or would not share with her.

"If he did but know how loyal I could be to him," she thought, "he would hardly shrink from trusting me."

Viola was full of excitement, and quite ferociously disposed toward the burglar.

"I suppose to-day's business is only a kind of rehearsal," she said, gayly, "and that we shall have to go over our evidence again at Bodmin Assizes. And some pert young barrister on the Western Circuit will browbeat me, and try to make me contradict myself, and make fun of me, and ask if I had my hair in papers, or had unplaited my chignon, when I ran down stairs after the burglar."

"I should like to see him do it," muttered Sir Lewis, in a vengeful tone.

They were in Penwyn village by this time, the old-fashioned straggling village, two rows of cottages scattered apart on the wide high-road, a tiny Methodist chapel in a field, the pound, the lock-up, big enough for one culprit, and the village inn, attached to which there was the justice-room, a long, narrow chamber with a low ceiling.

All the inhabitants of Penwyn had turned out to see the great folks. It was like an Irish crowd—children, old women, and young matrons with infants in their arms. The children had just turned out from the pretty Gothic school-house which Mr. Penwyn had built for them. They bobbed deferentially as their patroness descended from her carriage, and a murmur of praise and love ran through the little crowd—sweetest chorus to a woman's ear.

"We ought to be happy in this fair land," thought Madge, as her heart thrilled at sight of her people. "It is like ingratitude to God to keep one secret care when He has blessed us so richly."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE recent tropical heat recalls the following anecdote, told of a wealthy but very miserly man. While the thermometer stood at 95° in the shade, some visitors called at his country-house. Every body appeared melting, and in the case of several elderly guests apoplexy seemed imminent. The host felt that he could not in decency fail to offer his visitors some refreshment; but, on the other hand, the expense was a consideration. "Well," said he at length, "you will take some refreshment?" "No, thanks," replied his visitors. "But I say yes! It's very hot—you must indeed!" And with an air of the utmost benevolence he rang the bell, and, on the servant's appearing, said, "Mason, open all the windows!"

"Pat, buy a trunk to put your clothes in," said his Yankee companion. "What, an' go naked this cold weather?" asked the honest spalpeen of Killarney.

"Did you know I was here?" said the bellows to the fire. "Oh yes; I always contrive to get wind of you," was the reply.

A man who hadn't much talent for conundrums in attempting to get off one at a tea-party at his own house the other evening got somewhat mixed. He intended to ask the old question, "Why is a woman like ivy?" the familiar but gallant answer to which is, "Because the more you're ruined the closer she clings." But he put it, "Why is ivy like a woman?" which none of the ladies could tell, and so the unfortunate man himself told them it was "because the closer she clings the more you are ruined."

At a public gathering lately one of the gentlemen present was called upon for a speech, and this is how he responded: "Gentlemen and women, I ain't no speecher. More'n twenty years back I came here a poor idiot boy, and now what are I?"

What is the difference between the outer wall of a bridge and two nice young ladies?—The one is a parapet, and the others are a pair of pets.

In these days of hydrophobic fever it is refreshing to read a sensible bit of advice, such as comes from a New Orleans paper. A timid correspondent wanted to know "how to tell a mad dog," and the editor made the following suggestion: "We don't know what he wants to tell him, but the safest way would be to communicate to the dog in writing. Send the letter from a gun, in the shape of wadding, followed by small shot, to see if he gets it."

The vegetable that young ladies love is to mate-oh.

A new game called "granger seven up" is announced. Three persons play for a can of oysters. The first man out gets the oysters, the last man out gets the oyster can, and the "middle man" don't get any thing.

Pride takes an early start in San Francisco. When a lad breaks loose from his mother's apron-strings and secures a position at three dollars per week, the first thing he does after that is to hire a Chinaman to run errands for him.

It makes a great difference whether glasses are used over or under the nose.

A Western editor, in his financial article, says, "Money is close, but not close enough to reach."

The last gentleman in a lady's thoughts is generally the first as well.

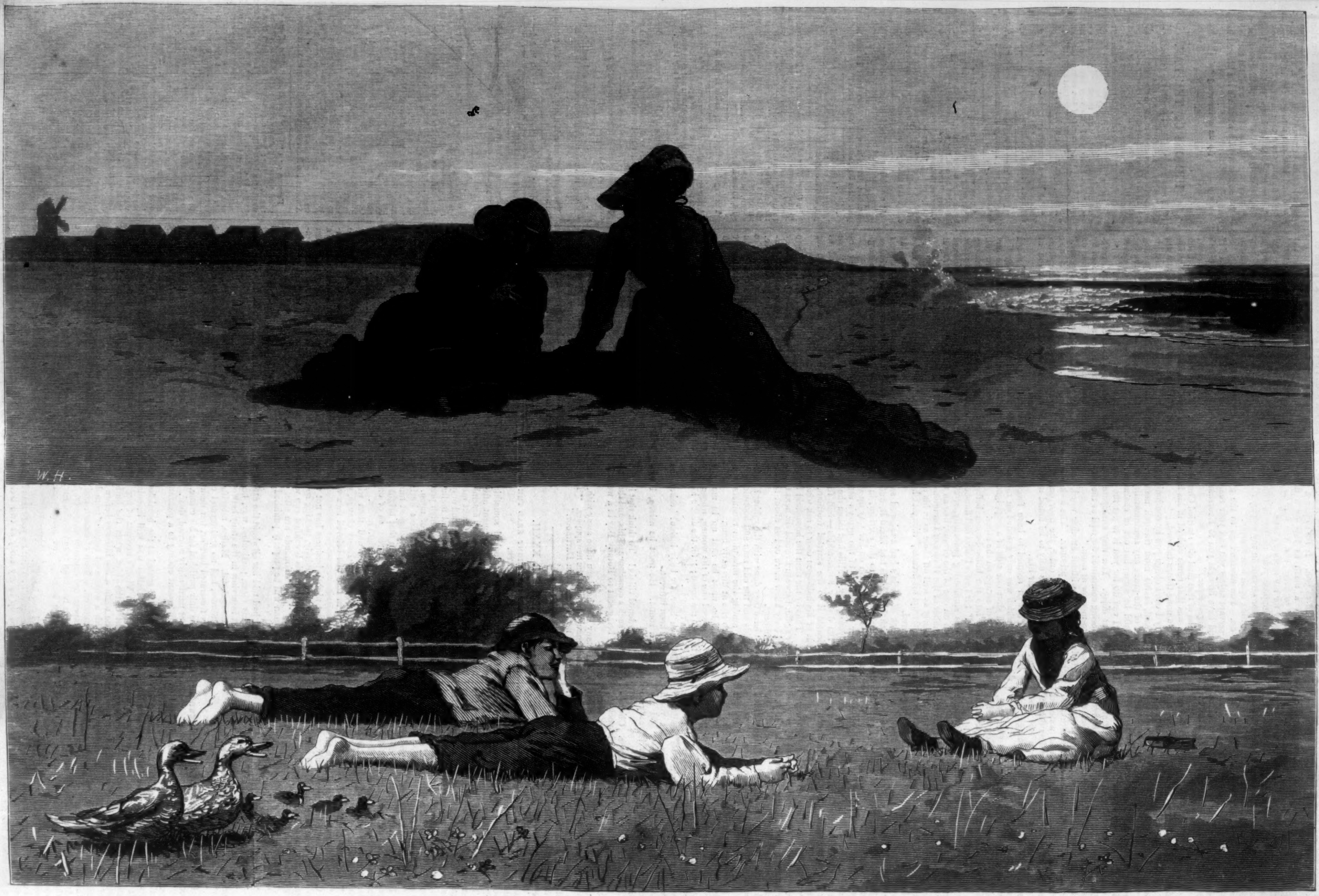
A young lady being asked by a rich bachelor, "If not yourself, who would you rather be?" replied, sweetly and modestly, "Yours truly."

Why are Cashmere shawls like deaf people?—Because you can't make them here.

A LETTER FROM PURGATORY.

"A rather amusing story," says Colonel Stuart, in his *Reminiscences of a Soldier*, "was told me some time ago by an old lady who had an ancient servant that had lived with her for many years, named Ann Brady. One day Ann came in to her mistress in the parlor, crying, 'Now ain't I the unfortunate woman? Och, what will I do at all, at all?' 'What's the matter, Ann?' said the mistress. 'Och, ma'am,' replied Ann, 'the postman's outside, an' he's got a letter for me from purgatory, an' I know it's from me old mother, who's been there these tin years, an' it's all about me not payin' for the masses I said I would. Ochone! but I am the miserable woman.' On her mistress going out she found the postman in a fit of laughter, with a letter directed to 'Ann Brady' from the 'Dead Letter Office.' Nothing could induce her to touch it, the 'dead' to her meaning purgatory and nothing else; and her mistress was obliged to open the letter for her, and found it was one Ann had written to a nephew in Clare, but as he had come to America the letter had consequently been returned."

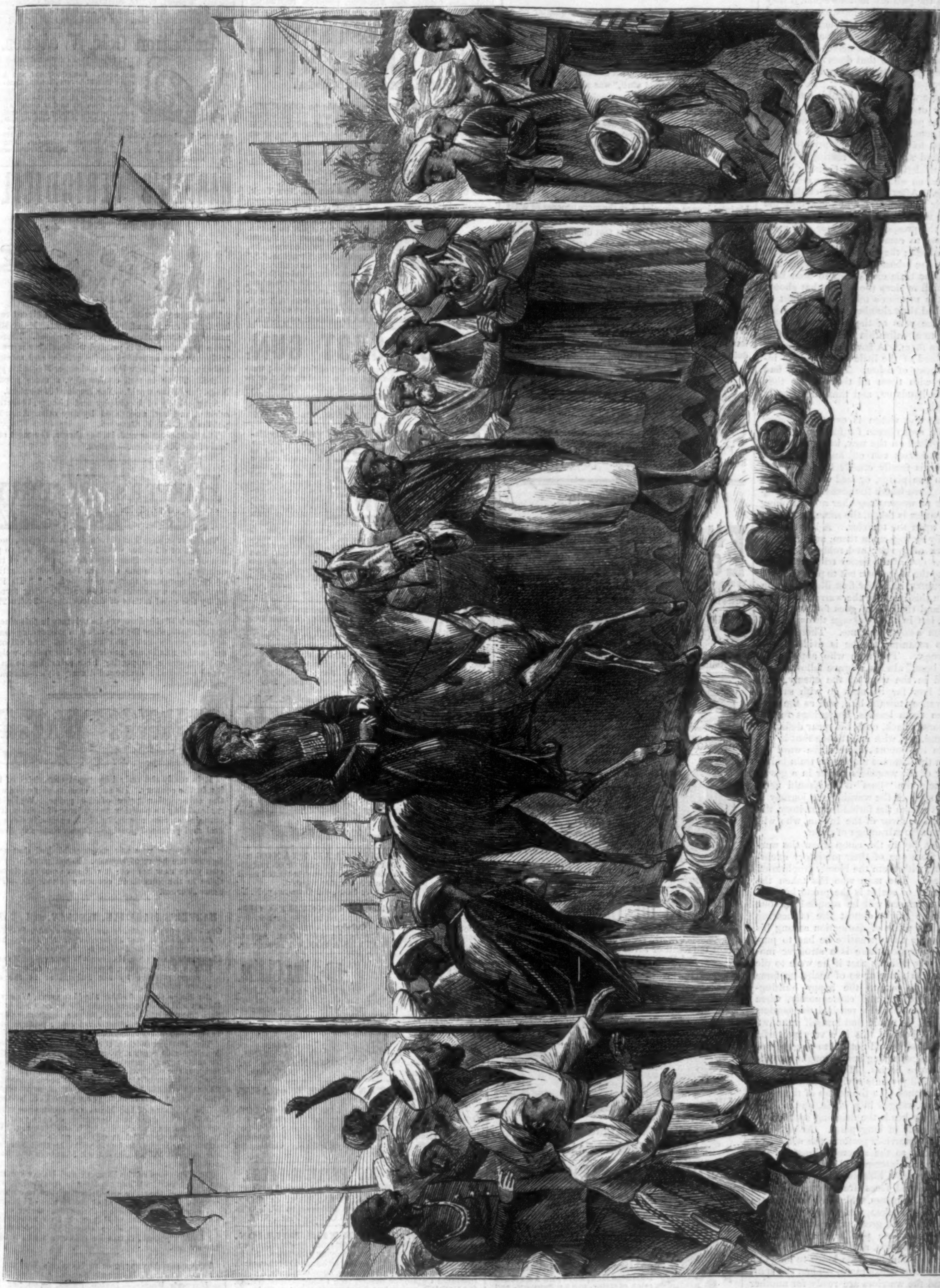
EFFECTS OF A "GUDE PREACHIN'."—The effects of a good preaching on a Sabbath are well illustrated by the following: Two chaps—we'll call them that for want of a better name—set off one Sabbath morning to go to church. The road, which was a foot-path, led through a farm, and as they had lingered on the way, they were much too late for the morning service, and, moreover, as was his custom, the farmer and all his household with him were off at church. While our two friends were passing through the corn yard a number of splendid fat ducks attracted their attention. In a short conversation which followed it was agreed to capture the best they could lay hands on. Accordingly it was, after an exciting chase, got, and duly bagged in the great-coat inside pocket of one of them, and the journey resumed to church. The psalms were over and the first prayer begun when they entered to the afternoon service, so that at the very outset they made themselves conspicuous. The minister's text was the three words, "I see it," and he expounded on them so well, and so often cast his head in the direction of the two worthies, that the one without the duck commenced nudging the other in the side, and whispering every now and then, white with fear, "Shov't in, man, shov't in! he sees't, he sees't! keep it down, man, for onysake keep it down!" And so he went on for some time, until between his neighbor's exclamations to "keep it down," and the minister's continually reiterating "I see it," the one with the duck got into such a flurry that he took hold of the bird in his pocket by the legs, and drawing it out, made it describe several circles round his head, and then threw it off in the direction of the good man's pate, exclaiming as he did so, "When ye're sae sure ye see't, tak' it there and keep it." And so saying, he made as fast as possible an exit to the door, followed at the heels by his neighbor.



FLIRTING ON THE SEA-SHORE AND ON THE MEADOW.—[DRAWN BY WINSLOW HOMER.]

THE PILGRIMS AT CAIRO.

EVERY Mohammedan is bound under certain conditions to make a pilgrimage to Mecca at least once before he dies, and none but minors, slaves, or lunatics are exempted from the obligation. According to some doctors of theology, however, only such of the faithful as have health, and money for their expenses on the road and for the support of their families while they are absent, are bound to go; others hold every Mohammedan under obligation if he is able to walk and to earn his bread on the way; others, again, think it sufficient in certain cases to send a substitute, whose expenses must be paid by the person sending. However this may be, the pilgrimage takes place every year with unfailing regularity, the caravans forming near Cairo, and thence proceeding to the "Holy City." On the return from Mecca the birthday of MOHAMMED is celebrated at Cairo with peculiar ceremonies, the closing incident of which is illustrated on this page. The dervishes and pilgrims congregate in immense numbers, the gathering not being unlike that of a fair ground, save for one thing—that there are no intoxicating liquors sold. There is plenty of intoxication, however, but religious intoxication, the people being all but raving mad with fanaticism. Here dervishes of all orders dance, howl, and cut themselves until they fall down foaming at the mouth in a fit of religious frenzy, being with difficulty kept from starting afresh and running a muck amidst the spectators. On the last day takes place the *dosêh*. "I took up my position early," writes the artist, "so as to obtain a good view of the ceremony. First passed in separate detachments the fanatics of the various orders, headed by banners, all screaming, howling, and dancing wildly, many being without their turbans, their heads being exposed to the burning sun. After all had passed, the devotees laid themselves down side by side, as close as possible to each other, and face downward, volunteers from the crowd of spectators rushing forward to range them symmetrically, so that their feet might fall in one straight line. Others kindly waved their loose garments over the prostrate bodies to give them a little air. Soon more dervishes and more banners appeared, and walked over the human pathway, and then came the Sheik of the Saadieh on his milk-white horse. The animal was led over the backs of the poor wretches, but appeared to use the greatest care in placing his feet, as though trying to tread as lightly as possible. The Sheik wore the green turban, showing that he had performed the pilgrimage to Mecca, and rode with his eyes closed as though in a trance. The number of men thus ridden over amounted to nearly three hundred, and no sooner had the horse passed than their friends rushed forward to assist them to rise, many of the devotees being severely injured, while others were senseless, not from any actual bodily injury, but merely from religious excitement." The *dosêh* dates from the close of the last century, in the days of one Sheik YOUNIS, who is said to have possessed the power of riding over glass without breaking it. Afterward it became the custom to ride over fanatic dervishes, who believed that the horse would not hurt them—those injured being not sufficiently prepared for the occasion by prayer and faith.



MOHAMMEDAN PILGRIMS—CEREMONY OF THE DOSÊH AT CAIRO.

SKETCHES OF INDIAN WARFARE.

THE recent outbreaks among the Indians in the far West have once more called attention to the perils of border life, which, although by no means as great as they were years ago, are still serious enough to warrant the government in taking the strongest measures for the suppression of disorder and violence. Some of the outrages said to have been perpetrated by the savages within the past few months equal, if they do not surpass, the worst that have ever occurred in the history of the race. Helpless men and women and even little children have been subjected to bodily tortures that make one's blood run cold to think of, and that deserve the swiftest and severest punishment that could be visited upon the perpetrators.

Many of these victims were humble settlers in out-of-the-way districts of the country, far removed from the populous centres, and almost entirely without means of defense. After months of the severest toil and of untold privations, it may be they had succeeded in rearing a hut or cabin in the wilderness, and in clearing a few acres of ground on which to raise the means of sustaining life. After a time a few cattle were added to their possessions; and then, that the hardest of the work was over, they began to live and to enjoy the prospect of brighter and more prosperous days to come. But the dream was never to be realized; they were a doomed family. Wearied with the labors of the day, father and mother, with the little ones, went to their beds one night to find in sleep the repose that should fit them for the morrow's toil. No thought of danger disturbed their slumber, until in the dead of the night the yells of the savages suddenly aroused them to a realization of the terrible fate that was before them. A few minutes more and all that remained of the little cabin and its inmates was a heap of ashes. The Indians had flown, taking with them all the plunder they could lay their hands on, and thus the tragedy was completed.

But ofttimes the victim is overtaken before he reaches the spot chosen for his home. The wagon is surprised on the way, its contents are plundered, the horses run off, and the hapless wayfarer and his family cruelly butchered and left to rot on the plains, or tied to the wheels and burned. Even where the precaution of joining a number of wagons together and traveling in large companies is taken, the same fate sometimes comes upon the traveler. A band of Indians stealthily springs upon them, and in a moment the work of murder and robbery is done. Now and then one of the better tribes will give fair warning to the white man not to pass through the Indian country, as in our first illustration on page 773. In this instance the warriors are out on the hunt, and their chief goes forth to warn the intruders, lest in their passage through they should frighten away the game. There is no mistaking his meaning, for he is evidently in desperate earnest. The man who approaches is the "train boss," always a brave fellow, thoroughly versed in the ways of the enemy, and knowing just how far he may go with safety. The chief advances toward him, and as the distance between them lessens, he springs to his feet on the horse's back, casts his spear defiantly into the ground, and with an attitude that is unmistakable in its import delivers the word of warning. In the distance the wagon train halts, while a party of the wagoners gather in a group near by to help the "boss" if he should need them. If in spite of the warning the journey is still pursued through the forbidden territory, the chances are all in favor of the Indian, who will not be slow to take advantage of them.

It is a great day in the camp when the warriors return from one of their predatory excursions, bringing with them the bloody trophies of their conquest. The man who has taken the greatest number of scalps is the proud hero of heroes, whose praises will be sounded till one would think he might almost tire of hearing them. But his pride of distinction among his fellows is not the only incentive he has to pursue his bloody work: there is a stronger motive. He firmly believes that if he were to die without taking a score or so of scalps no fame of his would go out to the happy hunting-ground of the future, and consequently, when his spirit left the body and reached the borders of the new land, he would find himself unknown and rejected. To him this is a very powerful consideration, and he will not fail to be governed by it. The scalps having been brought into the village, the dance begins. The second illustration on page 773 presents a vivid picture of one of these wild scenes. In the centre of the group are the squaws, ranged in a circle, and holding high above their heads the dripping scalps, fastened on the ends of long poles. Around this inner circle the warriors perform the wildest of all their dances, to the accompaniment of low measured grunts, interspersed with occasional outcries of the most hideous kind imaginable, while their painted faces are covered with the most horrible grimaces. Scalping knives are flourished, scalps shaken, and all manner of antics performed, to the great amusement of those who look on. These performances generally continue for eight days, after which the squaws in their turn go dancing from lodge to lodge of the village for two weeks more. Then the sport is ended, and the warriors are ready for another slaughter.

Apropos of the Indian subject is the order just issued by Lieutenant-General SHERIDAN to Brigadier-General TERRY forbidding intrusion on the Black Hills Reservation. The order is as follows: "Should the companies now organizing at Sioux City and Yankton trespass on the Sioux Indian Reservation, you are hereby directed to use the force at your command to burn the wagon trains, destroy the outfit, and arrest the leaders, confining them at the nearest military post in the Indian country. Should they succeed in reaching the interior, you are directed to send such force of cavalry in pursuit as will accomplish the purposes above named. Should Congress open up the country for settlement by extinguishing the treaty rights of the Indians, I will give a cordial support to the settlement of the Black Hills."

AFTER ALL, "THE WORLD MOVES."—A quarter of a century ago the number of persons even in our great capitals to whom it would have occurred to think of seeking for an artistic charm and an æsthetic meaning in a tea-urn or a soup-tureen, a coffee-pot or a set of knives and forks, when they set about supplying themselves with "household stuff," was about equal to the number of students of Parsee theology or Sanscrit poetry among us. A business house which should have devoted itself then—as the house of STARR & MARCUS, at 22 John Street (up stairs), in this city, now does—to meet and develop an educated demand for "beauty in use," would soon have reached the limits of its market, and, with them, of its credit and its prosperity. To-day no one dreams of dealing with such a house who does not go there prepared to find his taste and his intelligence stimulated by the mere process of what used to be the prosaic operation of "shopping;" and yet the work of this house is fast outrunning the capacity of its warerooms. No more striking proof exists of the progress which, as a people, we have made and are daily making in the arts which, as the classic poet puts it, "soften our moral natures and forbid us to be brutal." The Metropolitan Museum of Art is worthy of study, because it shows us what has been done in this direction in other lands and other ages. Warerooms such as those of STARR & MARCUS are not less worthy of a visit, because they show us what is doing now in our own country.—[*Com.*]

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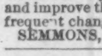

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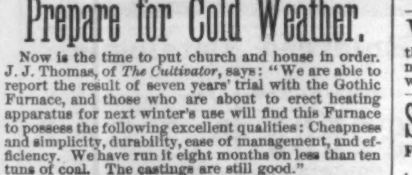
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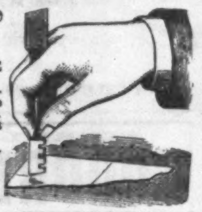

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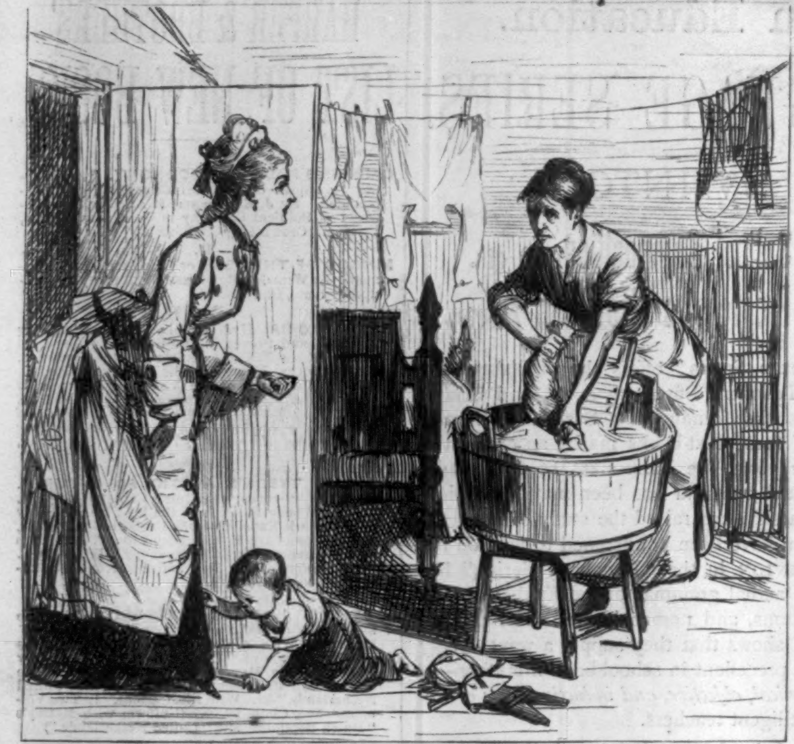

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by DR. PIERCE'S Family Medicines, after being under medical treatment for two years, which left her in an emaciated and very feeble condition, with terrible suffering from pain, and all hope of recovery gone:

ROME, N. Y., June 15, 1874.

Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:

I feel it my duty to express my gratitude to you and the divine power that assisted you in the study and acquirement of means to relieve suffering. When I commenced the use of your medicines I was in a rapid decline. I had been under medical treatment for nearly two years—had been obliged to wear an internal supporter most of the time for four or five years, and for six or seven months previously to commencing the use of your medicines, I suffered intense pain almost constantly, nothing giving me even momentary relief (much of the time) except opium or morphine, the action of my stomach and liver being almost destroyed by their use. I was rapidly growing weaker, losing in flesh, and could take no nourishment save a little beef-tea or gruel, could sit up but a few minutes at a time, could not walk across the room, and had formed the opinion that nothing could help me, but that I must soon leave my little children and family. In the midst of my despondency one of your circulars was brought into my room. I paid little attention to it, thinking little of patent medicines, and supposing yours were such; but, after throwing it aside, I was impressed to look at it again, and, becoming more interested, I wrote you, thinking it useless to purchase any of the medicines before stating my case to you fully. Your reply gave me so much encouragement that I commenced the use of your Favorite Prescription, Golden Medical Discovery, and Pleasant Purgative Pellets according to the printed directions accompanying them. Their effect upon me and the struggle to rid my system of those poisonous drugs was indeed wonderful. Some of the time my body has been completely covered with a rash. I can eat and sleep well; walked to church yesterday morning, besides a block in the afternoon, without any supporter, and I consider myself almost entirely well.

With untold gratitude,
MRS. T. A. SEYMOUR.

Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: ATLANTA, Ill.

DEAR SIR,—I have not words to express my gratitude to you for your advice and assistance in my case. There is not one who has used your medicines since they have been brought here but that can say with me they have been greatly benefited. Since I have been so helped by its use, six or seven around me left off all doctors and other medicines, and now use it in their families, after being cured of the same disease as mine. You do not know what a wonder it created in our city by its restoring my sister I wrote you about, for she had been under the care of three of our best doctors, but could not sit up but for a few minutes at one time. I begged of her to try your medicines, and before she had used half the bottles she could go all around the yard, and has now just come home from a visit five miles away. MRS. THOMAS McFARLAND.

From Miss LORINDA E. ST. CLAIR, Shade, Athens Co., O.

Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.—Your Favorite Prescription is working almost like a miracle on me. I am better already than I have been for over two years.

From ELLA A. SCHAFFER, Zanesville, Ind.

DR. PIERCE,—I received the medicine you sent me, and began using it immediately. As a result of the treatment I feel better than I have for three years.

From MRS. JOHN K. HAMLIN, Odell, Ill.

DR. PIERCE,—The Favorite Prescription has done me good, for which I am very thankful.

LET THE PEOPLE SPEAK.

R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y. MANHATTAN, KAN.

DEAR SIR,—Your Favorite Prescription has done my wife a world of good. She has taken nearly two bottles, and has felt better the past two weeks than at any time in her past two years. No more periodical pains; none of that aching back or dragging sensation in the stomach she has been accustomed to for several years. I have so much confidence in it that I would be perfectly willing to warrant it to certain customers of ours who would be glad to get hold of relief at any expense. I have tried many patent medicines, but never had any occasion to extol one before. Very truly yours, GEO. B. WHITING.

MRS. E. R. DALY, Metropolis, Ill., writes:

DR. R. V. PIERCE,—My sister is using the Favorite Prescription with great benefit.

MARY ANN FRISBIE, Lehman, Pa., writes:

DR. R. V. PIERCE,—What I have taken of your medicines has been of more benefit to me than all others, and hundreds of doctor's bills.

HARLEMVILLE, Columbia Co., N. Y.

R. V. PIERCE, M.D.

DEAR SIR,—Your favor is just received. I intended to have written to you several weeks since concerning the improvement of my health, which is now very apparent. I have used one bottle of Favorite Prescription with the best results, although I will admit I was somewhat discouraged after its use (for a short time only). I took it under disadvantageous circumstances, having the supervision of the house, and during the season of "house-cleaning" I was obliged, through the incompetency of help, to do more than I ought, and, of course, suffered dreadfully; lifting when I ought not to have raised my hand, and did all I could to bring "order out of chaos;" but, upon laying aside all cares and continuing the remedy, I find myself, after using less than one bottle, to be so much benefited that I have discontinued its use, with no return of the symptoms of which I wrote you. I have suffered terribly, and what added to my distress was the consciousness of not procuring relief from ordinary sources. At times it seemed almost impossible to stand, so great was the distress. All of those severe neuralgic pains have disappeared. They were so bad at times I could hardly walk without some external pressure. They seem to have left me like magic, suddenly, and have no return. All other symptoms have been removed. The severe weakness and faintness have disappeared, and I can go up stairs with comparative ease now. I would have informed you ere this of my improvement, for I appreciated it, but I was fearful it was only transient benefit I was receiving. But I think sufficient time has elapsed to consider the beneficial results permanent. Accept of my best wishes for your future success and your kindness in advising me. Very truly, MRS. M. NETTIE SNYDER.

EVERY INVALID LADY should send two stamps for DR. PIERCE'S Treatise upon Chronic Diseases Peculiar to Woman.

DR. PIERCE'S Favorite Prescription is sold by Druggists.

DR. PIERCE'S NEW WORK,

THE COMMON-SENSE

MEDICAL ADVISER,

IN PLAIN ENGLISH, FOR ALL PEOPLE;

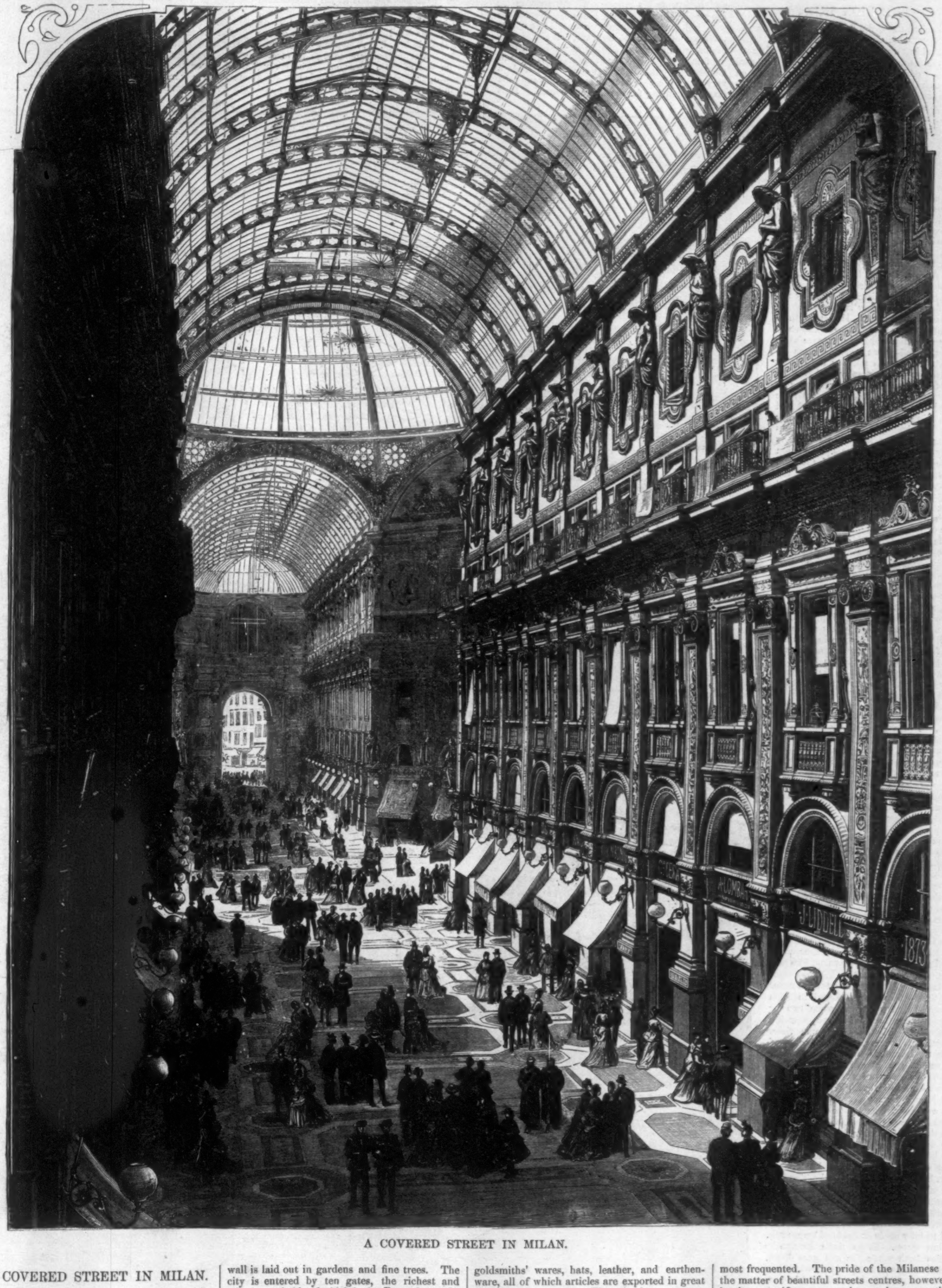
OR,

MEDICINE SIMPLIFIED,

To be a book of from seven to nine hundred large pages, strongly bound in cloth, and profusely illustrated with numerous original wood engravings, is now in course of preparation for the press, and will be issued in a few months. It will be the cheapest medical book ever published, costing only $1 50, postpaid, and to all those who send in their subscriptions now, it will be sent, postpaid, as soon as out, for $1 00, which scarcely covers the cost of publication. Recollect, you must enclose your subscription to the author immediately if you desire to procure it at the reduced price. It will be the most practical, comprehensive, and plainly written Family Doctor Book ever published, containing important information nowhere else to be found, for the young and old, male and female, single and married. Published by the author and sold only by direct subscription. All money sent in registered letters will be at my risk.

Address

R. V. PIERCE, M.D.,
World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y.



A COVERED STREET IN MILAN.

A COVERED STREET IN MILAN.

The tourist in his progress through the cities of Italy will nowhere find objects more worthy of admiration than in Milan. The city itself is beautifully situated. Raumer, the historian, says of it, "Milan stands in a sea of green trees, as Venice stands in a sea of green waters." Unlike other celebrated Italian cities, it combines remarkable natural and architectural attractions with appearances of comfort and material prosperity, and it is justly regarded as one of the pleasantest places in Europe. Its form is nearly circular, and it is surrounded by a wall, which was mostly erected by the Spaniards three centuries ago. The space between the canal and wall is laid out in gardens and fine trees. The city is entered by ten gates, the richest and most remarkable of which is the *Porta Orientale.* Many of the others are interesting from historical associations, such as the *Porta Ticenese,* leading to Pavia, through which Bonaparte passed after the battle of Marengo, and the *Porta Romana,* erected at the time of the arrival of Margaret of Austria, wife of Philip III. of Spain. The churches and public buildings are magnificent. The cathedral is certainly the finest Gothic edifice in Italy, and as a church it ranks next to St. Peter's. It is a busy city, often spoken of as "the little Paris," on account of its gay and bustling appearance. There are several large manufactories of silks, velvets, laces, carpets, goldsmiths' wares, hats, leather, and earthenware, all of which articles are exported in great quantities every year. There is also an extensive commerce in Parmesan cheese and rice. Next to Venice, Milan is the largest book mart in Italy. There are fine hotels and coffee-houses, elegant shops, and a magnificent bazar, all full of activity. Many of the streets are narrow and winding, but they are generally well paved, and some of the thoroughfares are admirable. Many streets parallel to and in the immediate vicinity of the canal retain the name of *terrazzi*, or terraces. The most fashionable promenades are the streets, called *corsi*, which lead to the principal gates. The corso of the *Porta Orientale* is the most beautiful and the most frequented. The pride of the Milanese in the matter of beautiful streets centres, however, in the magnificent covered way shown on this page. Broad and spacious, without a single obstruction, it affords a safe and pleasant promenade, of which many thousand persons avail themselves daily. Elegant stores are seen on either side; and whether by the light of day shining through its glass-covered roof, or by the bright light of the gas by night, the effect is equally pleasing. Its beautiful pavement is kept scrupulously clean, and there is nothing to be seen that would offend even the most fastidious. As neither horses nor vehicles are allowed to go over it, a passage across is safe at any hour of the day.

"THE LION HUNT."

In ancient times the lion was far more extensively distributed than at the present day. They abounded in Southeastern Europe, and Herodotus relates that the camels which accompanied the army of Xerxes were attacked by lions on the march through Macedonia. In the Bible they are mentioned frequently as common in Syria and Palestine, where they are no longer found; and they have also disappeared from other parts of Asia which they formerly inhabited. Their abundance in ancient times is shown by the fact that in forty years one thousand lions were killed at Rome, in the amphitheatres, where sometimes a hundred at a time were exhibited in the arena. The advance of population and civilization, and especially the general use of fire-arms, have caused their extermination in many countries, and are generally driving them into narrower limits. At the present time they are found only in Africa, Arabia, Persia, India, and on the banks of the Euphrates.

The lion is exquisitely formed by nature for the predatory habits which he is destined to pursue. His strength is almost fabulous: he has been known to leap a wide ditch with perfect ease while holding a full-grown heifer between his teeth, and there is nothing living that can receive with impunity a blow from one of his paws. Though considerably under four feet in height, he has little difficulty in dashing to the ground and overcoming the lofty and apparently powerful giraffe, whose head towers among the trees, and whose skin is nearly an inch in thickness. The lion is the constant attendant of the vast herds of buffaloes which frequent the interminable forests of the interior, and a full-grown one, so long as his teeth are unbroken, almost always proves a match for an old buffalo bull, however large or powerful he may be.

The habits of the "king of beasts" are interesting. They associate in couples, display great attachment for each other, and with the greatest care rear and protect their young. The male lion, in defense of his family, will face a thousand men, and fight till he dies. The magnanimity of his disposition is proverbial, and no anecdotes are better authenticated than those of his sparing his human foes at the very moment of victory. It is quite common in South Africa to meet with natives who have been wounded by lions, and who have escaped death solely by the mercy of the beast. A boor, it is said, in attempting to mount his horse, was thrown to the ground by a lion. The animal merely stood over him, lashed his tail, and growled at the man's friends, who were at a safe distance, and then slowly and dignifiedly commenced a retreat.

One of the most striking things connected with the lion is his voice, which is extremely grand and peculiarly impressive. It consists at times of a low, deep moaning, repeated five or six times, ending in faintly audible sighs; at other times he startles the forest with loud, deep-intoned, solemn roars, repeated five or six times in quick succession, each increasing in loudness to the third or fourth, when his voice dies away in five or six low, muffled sounds, very much resembling distant thunder. At times, and not unfrequently, a troop may be heard roaring in concert, one assuming the lead, and two, three, or four more regularly taking up their parts, like persons singing a "catch." They roar loudest on cold, frosty nights; but never are their voices to be heard in such grandeur and power as when two or three strange troops of lions approach a fountain to drink at the same time. When this occurs, every member of each troop sounds a bold roar of defiance at the opposite parties; and when one roars all roar together, and each seems to vie with his comrades in the intensity and power of his voice. As a general rule the roaring is confined to the night-time, commencing as the shades of evening fall, and continuing at intervals throughout the night. In hazy and rainy weather, however, they may be heard at every hour of the day, but the noise is subdued. The habits of the lion are strictly nocturnal. During the day he lies concealed beneath the shade of some low bushy tree or wide-spreading bush, and is also partial to lofty reeds or fields of long, rank, yellow grass. From these haunts he sallies forth when the sun goes down, and commences his nightly prowl. When he is successful in his beat, and has secured his prey, he does not roar much the rest of the night, but utters an occasional moan. Lions are most active and daring on stormy nights, and then the traveler has to watch his way with the utmost care. The average age of the beast is twenty-five years; but there was one confined in the Tower of London once for over seventy years, and no one knew what his age was when he was first imprisoned.

When the lioness becomes a mother she watches her young with tenderness, and defends them with ferocity. The lion, on the contrary, dislikes babies. Their noise disturbs his slumbers and interrupts his reflections. As soon as his progeny begin to try their lungs he divorces his wife and goes elsewhere to live. He is not so oblivious of his duties, however, but that he remains within ear-shot, ready at need to defend his family. But he will not associate with them. Consequently the lioness at such times leads a very active life. When she weans her young she does the hunting for the nursery herself. It is then the Arabs sometimes succeed in capturing young lions. They lie in wait near the spot where the den of the lioness is supposed to be, and watch till they see her go abroad to forage. A rush is then made into the den, and the cubs are seized and borne off on swift horses and on camels to a place of safety. But woe betide the hunters if they meet the lioness on their way home! Instinct tells her what has happened. Reckless of danger, she flies at the nearest man of the party, and brings him to the ground, maimed or killed; then to the next, and so on throughout the band, until the survivors escape or the lioness is killed. A nephew of a leading Arab sheik was unfortunate enough to meet a lioness on one of these occasions. She sprang toward him, though he was surrounded by sixty armed men. He reserved his fire till the last moment, then pulled the trigger. The gun snapped. Wrapping his left arm in his cloak he offered it to the lioness, who crunched it directly, while the Arab fired two pistol-shots into her. She flew from him to another, who fired down her throat, but had his ribs broken, his side laid bare, and his body otherwise mutilated, before the brute died. It was an expensive hunt for the tribe. An adventure like this furnished the subject of the admirable picture by Horace Vernet which we reproduce on these pages. In this encounter it will be seen that the old lion joined his mate in the attempt to rescue their offspring. Some one has given him a death-wound, but the lioness still fights on, and although threatened on every hand, she may yet make warm work for the men who have robbed her den. High above all the rest of the party, mounted on the camel's back, sits the special object of her attack. To prevent her from reaching him and delivering the cubs is the object of the others; but should the critical moment come, and no other way remain open for an escape, the cubs will be thrown to their mother, and the band will take flight. It may be that when one of the cubs is thrown to her—as is evidently the purpose of their holder—the attention of the lioness will be diverte om her
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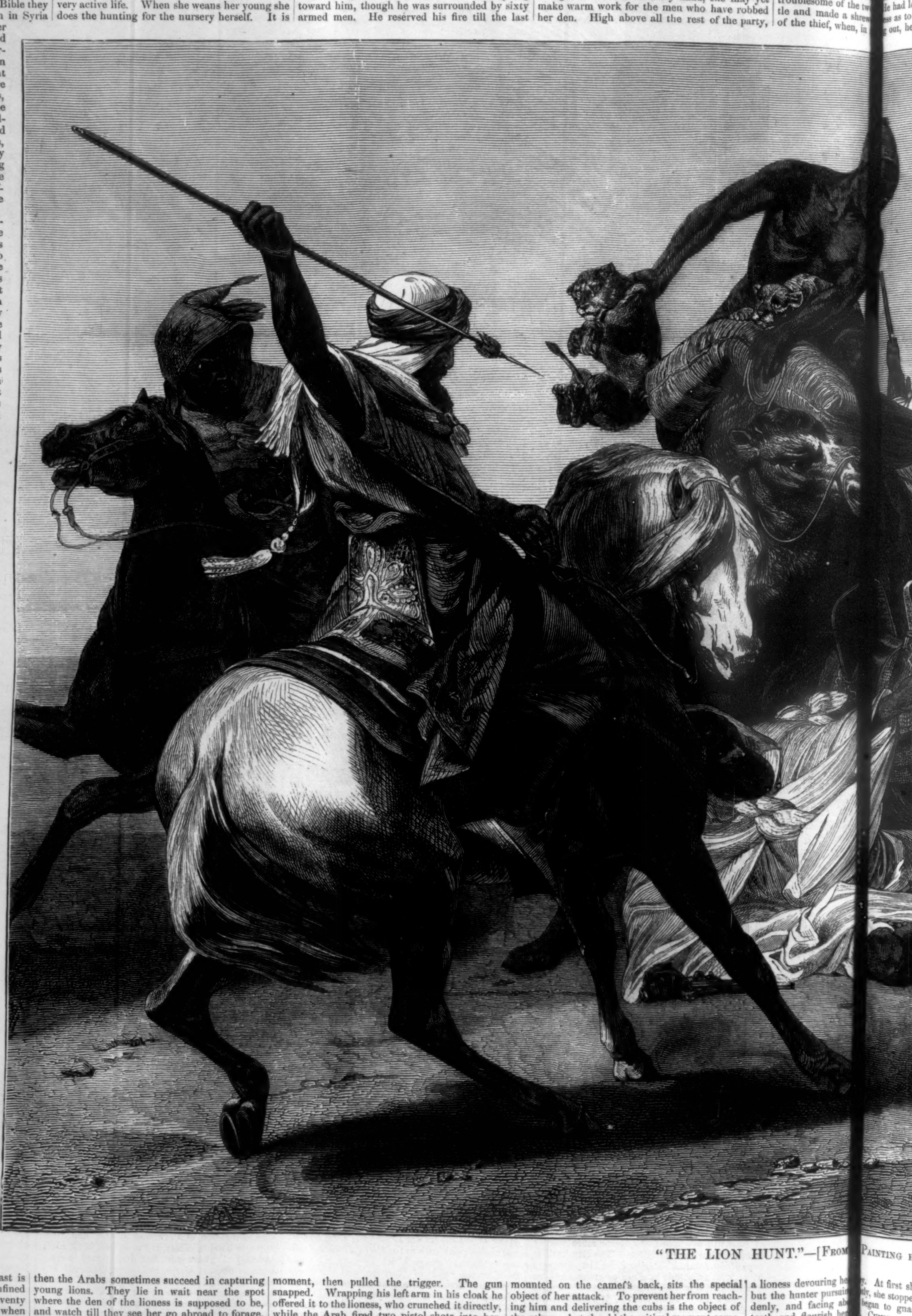

"THE LION HUNT."—[From Painting

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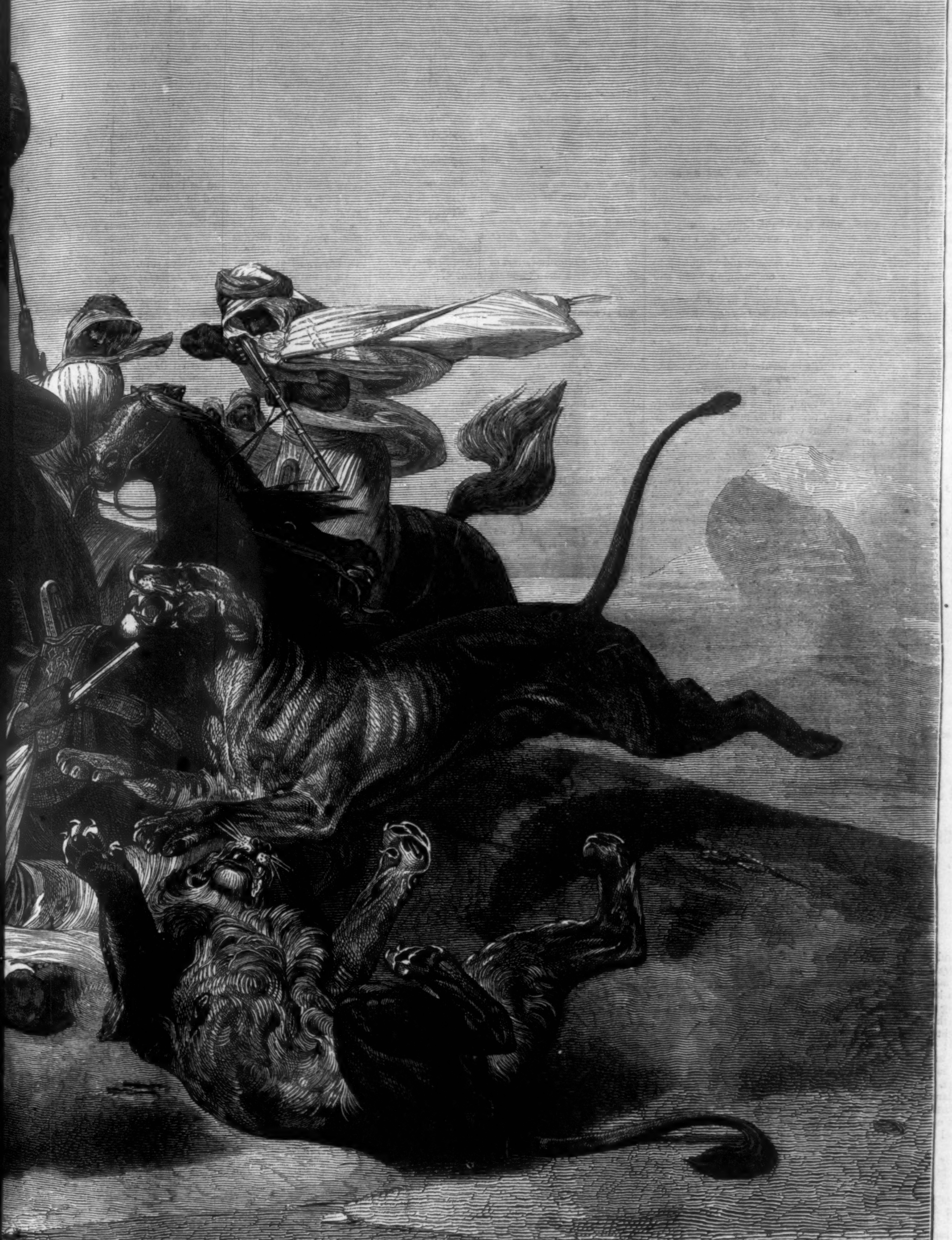

PAINTING BY HORACE VERNET.]

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nters slowly. CUMMING orders his most trusty man to reserve his fire for her last spring; kneels and fires at sixty yards. Though hit in the shoulder, she charges furiously, and knocks one of the horses down. "At this moment STOFOLUS's rifle exploded in his hand, and KLEINBOY, whom CUMMING had ordered to stand by him, danced about like a duck in a gale of wind." CUMMING stood out from the horses, watching for a second shot; and the lioness seeing him, left the horse and made a dash at him. His rifle was true, and at a few yards the lioness was stretched.

When she has her young with her she will never fly. GÉRARD, once the king of lion-hunters, watched a long time in the woods for a lioness which had committed fearful depredations among the Arabs. He was losing hope of seeing her, after several nights' watching, when he saw something move near the body of a horse at the bottom of a valley below him. A single glance satisfied him that it was the lioness with her cub. They played round the carcass for a short while; then the cub began to help himself. At that very moment the mother saw GÉRARD sitting on a rock above. With a spring like lightning she seized her cub by the back, and dashed off with him. They were lost to sight in an instant. GÉRARD sat a while, watching for some sign of their return; he was beginning to lose hope, and to regret that he had not fired when he first saw the pair, when he heard a noise in the leaves beside him. It was such a noise, he said, as a mouse would make in running over the leaves. His sportsman's tact revealed what it was; and as he looked two large paws, a pair of long mustaches, and an enormous nose appeared successively to confirm the impression. His gun was on full cock at his shoulder. The moment he saw the red glaring eyes he fired, and at that short distance the iron slug with which he had loaded his piece proved fatal. The lioness had placed her cub in safety, and was coming deliberately to destroy the hunter.

GÉRARD adopted the Arab notion that there are two varieties of lion, the tawny and the black, distinguished by the color of their mane. A similar idea prevails among the Boers of the South, who give different names to the black and yellow lions. CUMMING disputes this, however, and says that when the lion is in the prime of life his mane is always black, when he is young it is a bright yellow, when he grows old it turns a dingy gray. Of all the lions, the black-maned fellow is the most dangerous: if his teeth are whole, he is a match for any beast of the forest. One black lion will lay waste a whole district. Fonder of blood than of flesh, he will slay four or five times as many cattle as he can eat, drink their blood, eat a few choice morsels from each, and leave the rest to the jackals and hyenas; whence the old stories about his royal profuseness. One of these brutes had been ravaging a fertile district near the camp at which GÉRARD was stationed; the Arabs sent for the famous lion-killer, and implored his aid. He reconnoitred the locality, and choosing a dark night, stationed himself near the edge of a ford over a mountain brook at which the lion usually came to drink. He had scarcely taken a seat upon a stone when his guide began to tremble and beg him to return to the village, urging that the night was too dark. GÉRARD gave him leave to return home, but the poor Arab dared not risk the journey; he lay down in a group of lentises in a dreadful agony of fear. The lion had been roaring for some time, and the sound was drawing nearer. GÉRARD endeavored vainly to discern objects around him. So terribly dark was the night that even after closing his eyes for two or three minutes he could only just make out the course of the stream which ran at his feet. A moment afterward the lion roared again, apparently at a distance of a hundred yards. With his gun cocked and his elbow resting on his knee, GÉRARD watched breathlessly. Nothing could be seen or heard. A few seconds elapsed; then a low, dull moan on the opposite side of the brook, straight in front of the hunter. A single look, and there in the inky darkness were the two eyes of the lion, burning fiercely, and fixed on GÉRARD. The hunter confesses that he gasped at the sight, and though the night was cold, and he had been shivering the moment before, a profuse perspiration covered his forehead. With a single bound from where he was the brute could almost reach his enemy; and that bound made, even victory was sure to cost him his life. GÉRARD took farewell of the world, and grasping his gun more firmly than before, put his finger to the trigger; but the lion had taken to the water, and was splashing in the stream. GÉRARD listened and watched. The splashing ceased. On the hunter's left, close to him, he heard a soft, dull tread in the mud. Suddenly turning he saw the lion ascending the eminence on which he sat. Useless then to look for gun-sights. With head erect and both eyes open, GÉRARD fired. By the light of the flash he saw a huge hairy mass roll over; a tremendous roar almost deafened him; the lion was splashing and writhing in the bed of the stream. Every now and then he moaned and growled. It was too dark to risk close quarters; so GÉRARD went home, promising himself to return next morning for the corpse. By daybreak he was at the spot; but the lion was gone. He could be traced for a short distance by his blood, but the spoor was lost when the brute took to the water. A band of Arab hunters was organized to hunt him down; but for many hours they beat the bush and mountain without success. Toward evening GÉRARD heard a succession of shouts, and galloping in the direction whence they came, saw the Arabs flying like the wind before the lion, who was chasing them on three legs. At sight of him the lion stopped, opened his mouth, and began to lash his sides with his tail. GÉRARD accepted the challenge, dismounted, and in spite of the entreaties and even the physical efforts of the frightened Arabs, advanced toward the brute, gun in hand. The lion made off into a thicket. GÉRARD walked round it cautiously, but could see nothing. He ordered an Arab to throw stones into the lion's hiding-place. The first stone brought him out, and with tail stiff and straight, mane spread out, and grinning jaws, he charged the hunter. GÉRARD sat down on the ground. The Arabs fell to praying, and roaring "Fire! why don't you fire?" On came the lion in fine style, till within six or eight yards, when he was suddenly brought up by a hard lump of lead, which struck him an inch above the eye. He fell directly, but rose again, rearing on his hind-legs. A second shot, straight through his heart, put him out of his pain. This was one of the finest lions GÉRARD had seen; large and powerful, with a black, flowing mane.

Of course such recontres do not always end so happily. Some years before the French conquered Algiers two highway robbers, brothers, and men noted for their strength and daring, were caught and condemned to death. The day before the one fixed for their execution they contrived to make their escape from prison. They were chained together by the leg, and thus in forced company crept through the woods and thickets, in the hope of gaining a safe refuge. Toward the middle of the first night they met, straight before them in the path, a large lion. They were unarmed. Knowing the character of the animal, they shouted boldly and threw stones at him; he, very likely seeing through their mock courage, lay down before